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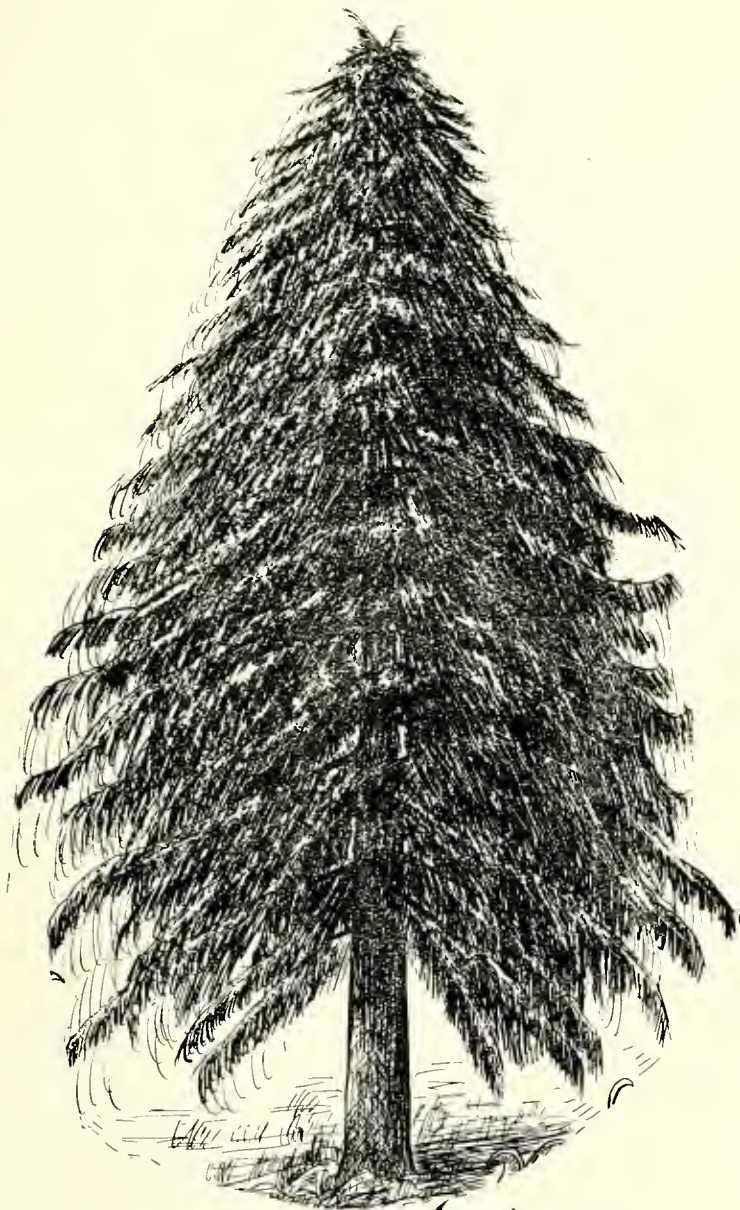
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1915

G. Anna Holman,

August 23, 1915.

Muncie Normal Institute,
Muncie, Ind.



Arbor Vitae

ARBOR VITAE

ARBOR
VITAE



MNI
1915

EVA SINCLAIR



Vos Salutamus, tum Valete



As we send this Arbor Vitae to the press we find it necessary to stop and pen a few lines to carry our greetings to fellow students and our heartfelt gratitude to our helpers everywhere. We found at the very beginning that we had a united support such as we never thought of before from the students. As our work has progressed we have found that every appeal has met with a response, such as we could hardly have hoped for.

Especially do we wish to express our thanks to the Staff whose untiring efforts have largely made this book what it is, and to the Art Department, who under Miss Sinclair and Miss Butcher, have given us such splendid illustrations.

We hope that as this book goes forth it may truly be a Tree of Life and that it may inspire higher and better achievements from those who read its pages.

Whatever may be its intrinsic value, it must stand as a continued triumph over difficulties.

From the first move we have met with things seemingly impossible to overcome, but we have found that the true spirit of College life is that of pushing difficulties aside, so that we think in this respect we have so much the more made our book represent the spirit of the school.

We have no doubt that the critic can find many flaws—but we are not sending this book out for that class of people. We are intending to please our fellow students, who in years to come will wish to look back to the old days in our Alma Mater, in the year of nineteen fifteen.

And now farewell. The year that is gone has been filled with much of both failure and triumph. No doubt to all of us at times have come suggestions of failure, of defeat. Oftentimes the reward seemed hardly worth the price, yet we have struggled on and now as we near the end of our school work and stop to take a backward view at the path over which we have come, we cannot but feel that we have gotten a little farther on our way, that we have risen, at least, to some height. Like the traveler on the mountain side, the way seems rough and often he is going down rather than up; yet finally he emerges on a mountain peak and finds that he in his toilsome path, has risen perhaps even miles above the plain below.

And now may we, fellow students, in our work in life make use of the trials and triumphs of this year to good advantage, for in the words of the poet:

"I am a part of all that I have met
Yet, all experience is but an arch,
Where thru' gleams that untraveled world
Whose margin fades forever and forever
When I move."

Lyman L. Hann, Editor.



M. D. KELLY

Educator, Financier, Evangelist, President and Founder of the Muncie Normal Institute.

“Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”— St. Matthew, Chap. 19, V. 14.

“Whosoever offend one of these little ones that believes in Me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.”— St. Matthew, Chap. 9, V. 42.



HE above quoted words of Christ are as universally familiar to teachers as are any of the words of Scripture or the injunctions of our Christian religion. They are frequently and familiarly quoted. Among those whose special bent, or accidental convenience, or heart interest, or who through the stress of economic necessity, or from any of the multitude of causes or aspirations, are thrown into the teaching profession, none should be more sincerely or carefully applied.

Capital punishment for crime is becoming less and less frequent. With the passage of the old dispensation, with its eye for eye and tooth for tooth must also go the beating and mal-treatment and physical punishment of children. Corporal punishment of children is reciprocally brutish, reflecting its sinister effect upon those who administer and those who receive it.

In the recorded history of man it is noted that a father once had the power of life and death over his child. He could beat it at will or even kill it and no man, aye, not even the great power of what we now recognize as the State, was able or even thought of rising up to say him nay. Those were the “good old days” when wives and children were regarded as property and chattels, rather than as companions and equals and household jewels and social blessings. Even in the recent history of the making of the common law of England, which is the foundation of our government and of our civic and religious liberties today, we find that less than two hundred years ago more than four hundred crimes were punishable by various forms of death and torture in “merry England.” Our grandmothers of yesterday were treated as chattels to be used or misused according to the sport and play or whim of the “lords of creation.”

A gradual cessation of the rigors of childhood and womanhood found Lord Mansfield, the great English jurist, even in his time, interpreting the common law to be that a man had the right to chastise his wife, but in doing so was permitted to use no instrument in the way of whip, scorpion, or bludgeon larger in diameter than the size of his thumb.

The enslavement of the lives of women and children was finally conceived to be rather too severe for a people who had been taught to say, “Our Father” to a just but forgiving God by a Savior, Who, in the bloody sweat of a Gethsemane and in the agonies of a cross, had no reproach except to say, “Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.” I cannot conceive of those who are permitted to follow the Master, even into the sacred ministrations of the teacher, presuming to bring to that task other than the spirit of meekness, forbearance and kindness.

How long will it take a blood-stained world to learn the truth that hate begets hate, and that love and order is the only fruit of love? As we go to our labor in the interest of the State and for the uplift of humanity let us ever go with presence of mind and contrition of heart, believing and practicing those things of faith and those acts of service for which we have but the one divine and the one great Teacher of all as a guide.

Even with nation at war with nation and with the spectacle in this year of a world in arms and in a sea of blood, let us still hold fast to the faith which we are told will remove mountains. For through it all, and in spite of it all can we not still hear, “Verily, I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, ‘Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea’ and shall not doubt in his heart but shall believe that those things which he sayeth shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he sayeth.”

Given the power and the opportunity to teach and to lead, how awful is our responsibility! This privilege and this right has come through the ages only to those who have been specially selected through the laying on of hands.

In our commencement, marking the end of our college days and our beginning of a greater life-service, let our minds and souls be not only open, but our prayers be fervent for the visitation of that Pentecost which will go with us through the years.

M. D. KELLY.



FRANK M. LIFE

Dean of the Normal School and Head of Mathematics

There is nothing quite so potent in character building as personal influence—no influence quite so powerful as that exerted by a clean, consistent life of service.

Such has been and is the influence felt by those associated with the Dean of the M. N. I.



MRS. HARRIET M. JOHNSTON

Registrar and Dean of Women

Efficient, devoted, sympathetic—she discharges arduous duties with a strong hand, but always with gracious courtesy.



M. J. SEARLE
Head of Foreign Language



G. S. TAYLOR
Chemistry and Biology



J. H. WHITMARSH
Head of Department of Education



J. E. MacMULLAN
Head of History and Literature



E. D. CLARK
Pen Art Department



EDITH ARNOLD HOGAN
Oratory and Dramatic Art



HAZEL ALICE DRUMMOND
English and Mathematics



MELITA GRAF HUTZEL
German



ANNE CASELEY
Principal of High School Department
Instructor in English



LOTA KING
Grammar and Geography



H. T. BLODGETT
Department of Agriculture



L. L. SUMMERS
Department of Industrial Arts



JOHN A. KLUG
Mechanical Drawing and Manual Training



JULIAN R. STEWARD
Dean of Agriculture



C. L. QUEAR
Manual Training



J. E. JAMES
Bookkeeping and Actual Business



ESSIE KIMBERLIN
Shorthand and Typewriting



IDA (ROBINSON) BURTON
Head of Department of Home Economics



MAY MCGANN
Domestic Science and Art



CHARLES R. SCUDDER
Mechanical Drawing



HAZEL SNYDER
Domestic Science



H. C. GAST
Head of Conservatory of Music



LAURA CRAIG POLAND
Instructor in Piano



BERTHA BURTON
Instructor in Piano



ROBERT PETERS
Instructor in Violin



EVA SINCLAIR
Head of Fine Arts Department



MAGDALENE BUTCHER
Assistant in Art



E. E. BOTTS
Assistant in Education



LYMAN L. HANN
Assistant in Latin



FLORENCE LILLIAN HALL
Head of City Training School



MARY HORNING
Special Training Teacher



JENNIE KING
Special Training Teacher



DR. O. L. BOOR
Instructor in Veterinary Surgery



Dedication

TO PROF. JULIAN R. STEWARD, whose instructive and inspiring talks are the delight of the student body and who is constantly doing something for the beautifying of our surroundings as well as for our education and uplift, we, the members of the staff, affectionately dedicate the Arbor Vitae of nineteen fifteen.



Arbor Vitae Staff

LYMAN L. HANN, Editor-in-chief

CLARENCE P. CARTWRIGHT, Business Manager

L. Edgar Rogers.....	College, Standard Normal, and Class "C"
Cecil Jenkin.....	Scientific
Floyd Hodson.....	Oratory
Waldo Schultz.....	Commercial
Edith Bengel.....	Domestic Science
Archie Bengel.....	Manual Training
King Norworthy.....	High School
Mary Gessell.....	"A", "B", and Two-year Normal
Carrie C. Hazlett.....	Music
Lucille Brunner.....	Art
Walter Glentzer.....	Penmanship
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Fred Stradling.....	Jokes

M. N. I.

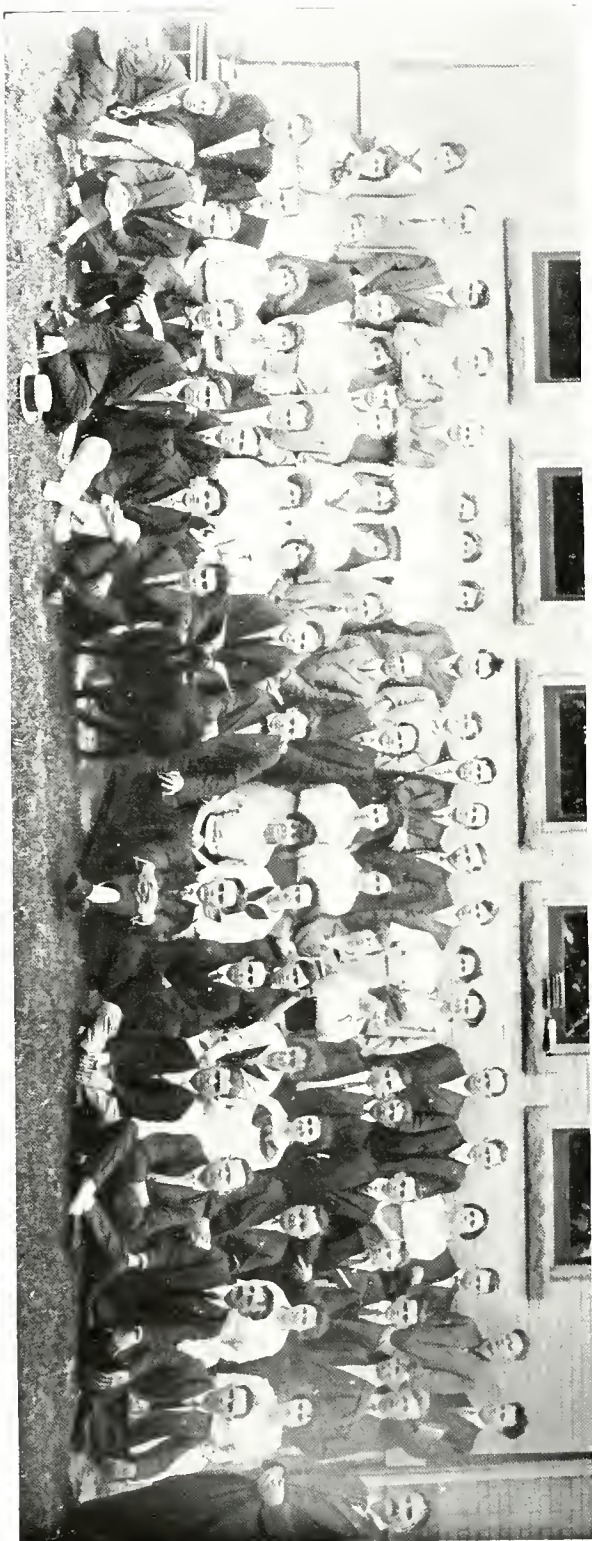
"Fare thee well, our dear old friend,"
 Is our thought as school days end,
 Soon with thee will not be seen
 Members of the Class Fifteen.
 In the morning hour and sunset glow
 Plans for future days must grow,
 For now the time will not be long
 Till we go forth, one-forty strong,
 To take up with becoming grace
 A life of service to our race.
 We wish thee well, dear M. N. I.
 This hundred forty all will try
 To carry to others of the land
 The noble things for which you stand.
 To officers and faculty we give
 The hope that long may each one live
 To give to others of tomorrow
 Such school days as we leave with sorrow,
 Howe'er great the task before us,
 Howe'er great the shadows o'er us,
 Thou, in sympathy art near us,
 Thoughts of thee will always cheer us,
 What matter if on thee they frown,
 We know your colors can't come down,
 At length, victorious issue forth,
 Immortal in thy golden worth.
 In years to come how dear thy name,
 Growing dearer as grows thy fame,
 Again, we whisper with a sigh,
 To thee, adieu, our M. N. I.

—Archie Bengt, President Graduating Class of '15.

COLLEGE, STANDARD NORMAL, AND CLASS C.

© "Samp"





GRADUATES

College Department

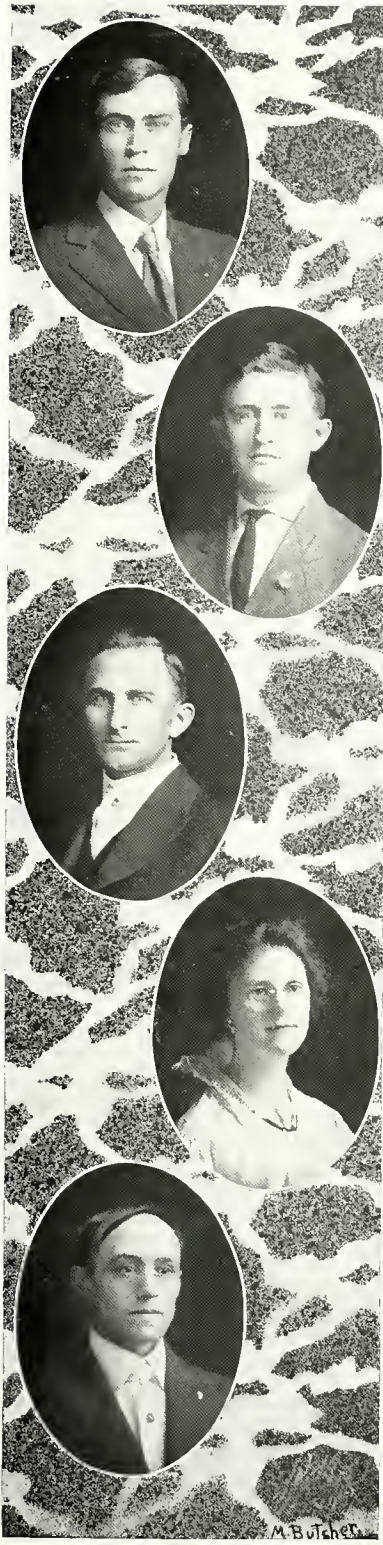
Arthur Van Skyoek
 Harry Nixon
 Chester Schlegel
 W. G. Willis

Standard Normal

Archie Bengt
 T. L. Wilson
 F. L. Wildrick
 Lyman L. Hann
 Garnett F. Teler
 L. Edgar Rogers

Class "C"

Edith Skinner



HARRY NIXON
Smiles.

T. L. WILSON
His talk goes everywhere.

L. EDGAR ROGERS
I think that's about right, but—

EDITH SKINNER
Our Suffragette.

F. L. WILDRICK
If I could just get my wife to come.



LYMAN L. HANN

Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall.

G. F. TETER

Yes, the girls think hair tonic would be good for him.

ARTHUR VAN SKYOOCK

The good old man!

CHESTER SCHLEGEL

Some beau! not.

W. G. WILLIS

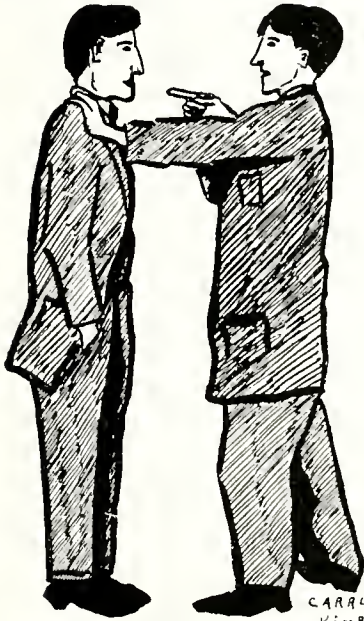
Yes We have a job.

ARCHIE BENGE

I have read a good deal along that line.

Folks We Know

When in the course of College Events, it becomes necessary for One Class to dissolve the bands of school and class spirit, which have connected its members; and to assume among the People of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws and customs of the land speedily reduce them,



CARROLL
KIMBERLIN.

"Arguing with the odds against him."

For arguing with the odds against him.

For accumulating friends of opposite religious views.

We therefore, the members of The Three and Four-Year Courses of the Muncie Normal Institute, in regular class meeting assembled, appealing to the Public at large for the rectitude of our intention, do in the name of the good people of this class, solemnly vote and declare that Nixon is, and of Right shall be President of this class. That he has full power to do and dare all things which an ambitious class President may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance and faith in his guidance, we mutually pledge him our support.

And it was the custom in those days to hold an election where votes were cast. And whosoever should receive a majority of the votes, should

a decent respect to the custom of the season requires that the class president be given consideration, and that the reasons which lead to his choice be declared.

Nixon has refused to be bound by any laws, and always thinks for himself.

He has schemed, and argued, talked and bullied always with smiles and creditable results.

He has won admiration:

For getting out of a hole without loss of prestige;



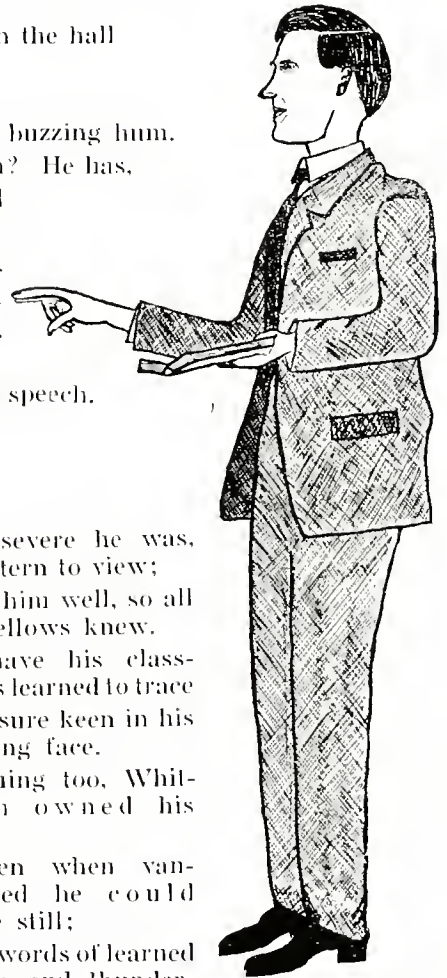
"Had gobbled all the votes."

be editor, even an editor of the Arbor Vitae. Now when the days which had been appointed for the election, even the election for editor, had come to pass, there was a putting together of heads, and a wagging of tongues, and much talk, yea some confusion. And all the people spake as one voice and said, "Let Hann do it; he is handy!" Now when the votes were counted, Hann, even Lyman, had gobbled all the votes. And he was Editor for all the College.

That's our Secretary, Wilson, standing in the hall
Looking in a book. I call
T. L. a wonder. His tongue
Works busily through the days, with a buzzing hum.
Will't please you pause and listen at him? He has,
His words how shall I say? always at hand
Always in action. He writes of whale'er
He talks on, and his talk goes everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! The student at his task
The Prof. busily hurrying through a class,
All and each
Would draw from him alike audacious speech.



"Severe he was and stern to view."



"His talk goes everywhere."

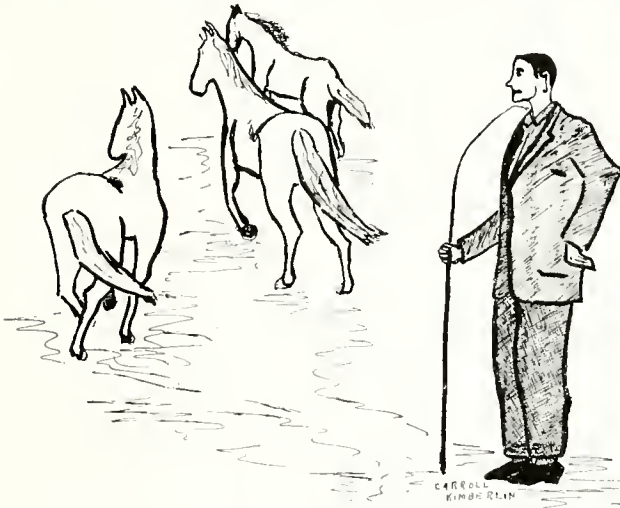
Willis severe he was,
and stern to view;
I knew him well, so all
the fellows knew.
Well have his class-
mates learned to trace
Displeasure keen in his
opening face.
In arguing too, Whit-
marsh owned his
skill;
For e'en when van-
quished he could
argue still;
While words of learned
length and thunder-
ing sound
Were interspersed with
quotations quickly
found.
And still we gazed and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all he
knew.
Yet he was kind or if remiss in aught
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

Wildrick is a sample of what a cool, calculating, upright gentleman of steady habits, a strong right arm and a disposition to do, can accomplish in a small world of few advantages. His sterling integrity and respect for the view of others has won him many laurels in the past. He has directed his genius in many lines. He has been a teacher in the felt boot district

and reads a little medicine at night. But it is in swapping horses that he is seen at his best. His likely stories and vivid imagination always result in a good trade.

After a hard day's work he delights to while away the evening telling the most outrageous and preposterous horse-trading stories.

I don't see where Wildrick gets his inspiration—he doesn't drink.



"Seen at his best."

Should you ask me whence this story?
Whence these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the College by White River,
From the Riley School to northward
From the Land of Delaware,
There are told these stories nightly
Told with wonder and with weeping,
How he lived, and grew, and
flourished,
How he taught, and toiled, and tussled

That the sons of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!
Out of Childhood into Manhood
Now had grown my great big hero,
Skilled in all the craft of teachers,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
Swift of foot was he among men;
He could shoot a bolt out from him,
That so keen and quick and cunning,
That it always raised the wonder
How he did it, how it happened.
Now he delved in shop and wielded
Heavy hammers, saws and chisels,—
Always teaching, always helping,
From his place rose Archie slowly,
Bade farewell to all around him,
Spoke in whisper, spoke in this wise,
"I am going, O my classmates,
On a long and distant journey,



"Bade farewell to all around him."

To the town of Young America,
In that region will I labor."
And they said, "Farewell, forever,"
Said, "Go to it, you're a winner."

There lived not so many miles west from the College Campus a sleepy good-natured fellow who always took, in the college plays, the part of Rip Van Winkle.

I have observed that he is a good-natured man, partaking of the characteristics of Old Rip himself, and has the making of an obedient hen-pecked husband.

The great error in Chester's composition is this unaccountable mania for playing the part, Rip Van Winkle. This could not be caused by an absence of high ideals, or by possessing low aims in general; for he would sit on a hard seat studying a text as dry and uninteresting as a Spanish grammar without a murmur.

His friends hope that he will not drop off into a twenty years' sleep, and that the mellowing and ripening influence of Time and Old Age will do good things for him in spite of his handicap.



"A favorite pose."

The kind Van Ski, the mild Ski Oek
Who gazed on the boys at play,
Dreaming perchance of his own glad youth
When he was as blithe and gay.

But suddenly he was shocked to hear
Words that I dare not write,
And he hastened in his kindly way
To curb them as he might!

And he said, "Tut! tut! you naughty boy
With the ball! for shame!" and then,
"You boy with the bat, whack him over
the head
If he calls you that again."

The kind Van Ski, the mild Ski Oek.
Who gazed on the boys at play,
Dreaming no doubt of his own wild youth,
When he was as tough as they!



"When he was as tough as they."

I like to go to school. I guess, cause our teacher, she 's good 's good can be. She 's awful smart and fierce! When she looks at me and frowns, I don't know what to do er say.

How'd I know she's smart?

W'y cause she knows a lot of things, 'nd then she wears glasses.

Pa said, "She 's a suffragette and stands up fer women's rights, 'nd's militant." I don't know what that is, but I dun't think any less of Miss Skinner fer that.



EXHIBIT "A"

I have been free with you my friends. This opportunity for gossip has been pleasant to me. I hope you will enjoy my point of view.

Now if I could see myself as you know me I might say things that would surprise myself. So in the absence of an idea of my own, which is no doubt characteristic, you may complete this article with a character sketch of your

Class Editor.

P. S.—And I will laugh.



Lines for Junior Class Reunion, 1955

You folks rickollect, I know—
'Taint so very long ago—
Our own old gang, it came up here
Fer trainin', in takin' keer
Of schools and classes—them days.
Got attached to one another's ways
They was all boys then, all young
And pretty lively as they come.
Now they hain't young any more—
(Less the ones at's gone before
'S got their youth back glad and free
'N keerless as they used to be.)
Roscoe Shaffer's friends all 'low
He's most as lively now
And as full of music, too
As when old Quartett was new!
And Floyd Hodson, you mind 'at had
The oratory voice so bad
When he talked, the rest
Was rather puzzled, had to guess
'T what he said—but right and truth
Wuz attached to all his views.
Ralph Shaup's here and he's
Jollyin' ever man he sees
'At complainin' o' gittin' grey
Er a agin' any way.
Ralph he jest thrives on fun—
"Troubles?" he says,—"Nary one!—
Got grandchildren I can play
And keep young with night and day!"
Then there's J. E. Dixon—he's
Kickin' lively as you please.
An' then Roger Downing—still
Lookin' like he always will!
"How you feelin'?" 's I last time
I see Roger: 'N he says, "I'm
Feelin'?" says, "So pert and gay

'F I's hitched up I'd run away."
 He says, "Course I'm bald a bit
 But not 'nough to brag on it."
 'Member Miller? Still lives down
 In Randolph—but this ground
 'S got his heart.
 Big quiet Hayden he's still here,
 Not jist in town, but near
 Enough you bet to always come
 Prompt on time to have his fun.
 And Will Bishop—If he
 Ever had an enemy
 The Good Bein's plans has been
 Tampered with! Because all men,
 women and children—ever one
 Loved to love our own Willyum.
 And Grafmiller—he's not here;
 Been way out West fer years,
 But he lately has come
 To join us in our fun.
 Perhaps on a quiet walk—
 Er sometimes we sit and talk
 'Bout old times, back there and how
 All you boys wuz doin' now,
 And old M. N. I. days; and then
 I'd think 'f I could once again
 Jest see us all together
 I'd get there thru any weather.
 Time's been a clockin' on you know!
 Some of the boys had to go
 So the old class's been a meetin' less
 And less frequenter, I guess.
 Can't I—many a time—jest see
 Them all, like they used to be!
 And hear them—same as long ago—
 'Fore we scattered to and fro.

—E. R.

A Study from Horace

O, what shall be the wise man's prayer?
Not crops which rich Sardinias bear,
Not herds of wave-washed Calabrie,
Not gold, nor Indian ivory,
Nor yet the fields of living green
Laved by the Liris' quiet stream.

A virile mind and perfect health,
Enjoyment of sufficient wealth
To meet the needs of every day,
O, God of Light, grant me I pray;
And give me, too, old age not long,
Nor base, not yet deprived of song.

—M. J. Searle.

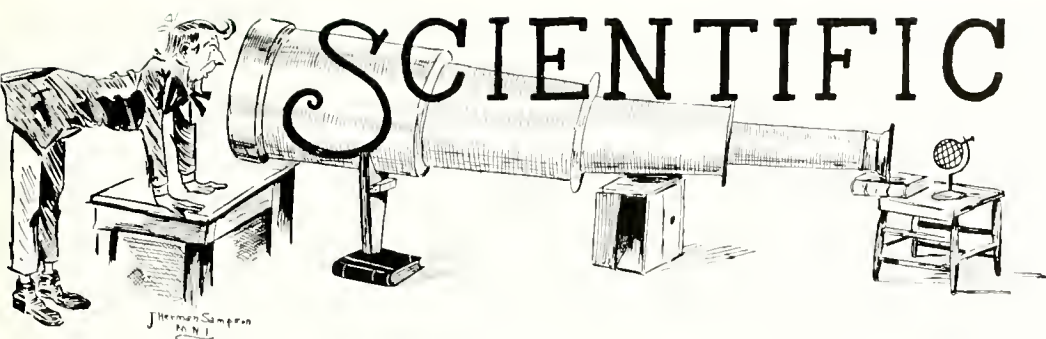
Nearing Home

(Myrtle E. Sevits)

Somehow I can't jist remember them old paths—
Been through 'em many a day;
Where was the spring-house, and wa'n't there a little
Creek where I ust'er go play?
Was there sech places or am I a-dreamin'?
Mebbe me wits be astray—
Seem like the fog's hangin' over them valleys,
Seem like I'm losin' me way.

Somehow I can't jist remember them old friends,
Mother? I've heerd her call—
Did I have neighbors un' loved ones un' kinfolk?
Who was that—slim un' so tall?
Blue eyes! Hair like the sunlight—but O how
Me old mind does totter un' fall;
Seem like the mists is a veilin' them faces,
Seem like I'm losin' them all.

One I remember, a face full uv pity,
One that has allus been dear;
Yes un' a path—it's the one that He showed me,
Led me through, hushin' my fear.
Now that I'm dyin' I still see it shinin'
Narrow un' straight un' so clear,
Leadin' me up where I'll soon be a findin'
All that's been lost to me here.



Class Organization

HOMER UNRUE, President

LULA WOOD, Vice President

MYRNA HODSON, Secretary-Treasurer

CECIL C. JENKINS, Associate Editor

GRADUATE CLASS ROLL

Xelma Switzer

Thomas Bortner

Lowell R. Carey

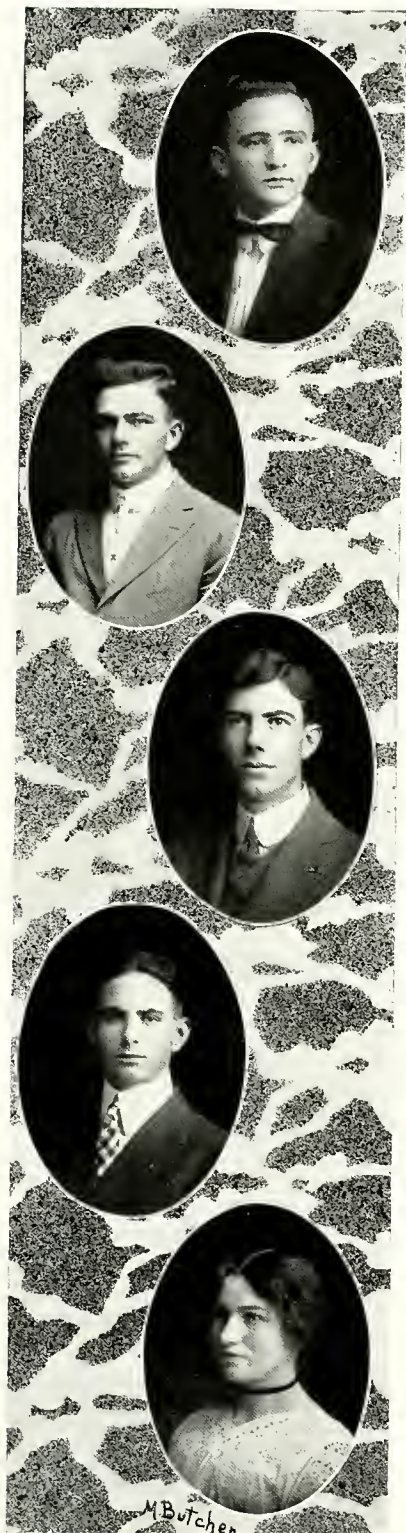
Sherman Waggoner

F. R. Rogers

Cecil C. Jenkins



"THE MIGHTY FEW OF M. N. I."



F. R. ROGERS

Burr Oak, Ind.

"Remembers the 'Tenth Legion' of M. N. I.

LOWELL CAREY

Westfield, Ind.

"Still water runs deep."

CECIL JENKINS

Oakland City, Ind.

"A slow prodder."

SHERMAN WAGGONER

La Fontaine, Ind.

"Our mischievous cus-tomer."

XELMA SWITZER

Bryant, Ind.

"The belle of the class."

THOMAS BORTNER

"A pony! My kingdom for a pony!"

Editorial



HERE is an old, yet true, saying that we get out of life just what we put into it. What are we getting out of our school work in Muncie Normal Institute?

The rule at our school is industry, progress, and strong characters. But there are exceptions to all rules. And occasionally during their stay in the Magic City some "members" of M. N. I. unfortunately contract the disease that frequently causes the victim to take the headache or toothache just before the time to do his work. Others obtain a well-rounded social training and give the faithful plodder a dollar to solve their Geometry exercises or read their Latin for them. And a few even take the attitude that it doesn't make any difference what subjects they take or what good they get out of them just so they get by with a credit and a rousing good time, as they call it, even if "pa has to sell the other calf."

Our department is glad indeed that it has none but good, steady, hard working students who have come with a purpose and have the nerve to say "no" to any influence that may even suggest a pitfall. This course makes an excellent foundation for wide-awake, progressive teachers working toward a college degree. We get a less quantity of knowledge and training in the Scientific Course than in some others but the quality is the same high class for which our Alma Mater is noted.

The very atmosphere surrounding this great popular school is the most inspiring, broadening, and cultural at all times. Those who leave its walls have a wider and more appreciative view of life with all its possibilities, and feel more keenly its large responsibilities than when they first came within its sphere. Working shoulder to shoulder our preparation for life association with each other and for our duties toward our fellowmen is enriched. Our school officials and kind faculty continuously hold up the highest ideals in moral, social and intellectual activities not only by precept but by example so that every student who is really living realizes that it was good for him to be here.

To the teachers and management we wish to extend our thanks and express our sincere appreciation for the great help and inspiration that we have received from them in the class rooms as well as elsewhere. We also wish to assure them that we feel we have attended a school which does things and shall always look back on the days spent here among the most profitable and most enjoyable of our lives.

Cecil C. Jenkins.



SCIENCE—IF—ICS

Ode to the Germ

Wee weird, wicked, gruesome thing,
 How like the witch you bide your time,
 Your labor dire intent to bring
 Life's suitor, Death in every clime.

How like the imps of Hades' zone,
 Guided by an unseen power,
 You steal unseen in every home,
 An imp of hell is what you are.

—George E. Swain.

A College Psalm

Blessed is the student that walketh not in the counsel of the "loafer," nor standeth in the halls between classes, nor sitteth in the wrath of the Professors. But his delight is in the law of M. N. I., and in this law doth he stew day and night. He shall be like a house built upon the rock of ages. And all the vices under heaven shall not keep him from his reward.

It is not so with the sluggard. He is as a blighted peanut. Just a pop and his worthless shell is tossed on the shore beside life's unresting sea.

Therefore the "dummy" shall not stand in the "quiz", nor fools in the congregation of graduates. For it is possible to deceive some of the people some of the time but not all the people all the time.

—C. C. J.

Oratory



MOTTO: OUR GREATEST AIM IS THE ART OF TRUE EXPRESSION.

Pictures of Memory



As the years glide by and we look back upon our school days, of all the things which lend a charm and enchantment to the pleasant thoughts of college life, will be the memories of the amusements and entertainments which offered a pleasing diversion from the routine of study and an opportunity to mingle in a social way with our fellow students.

So we rejoice in our work and in our opportunity to help others gain a broader and clearer interpretation of life. Hence a word about the nature of our work is quite fitting. There is not a subject which fosters keener observation or gives better training in self-control and presence of mind than the study of Oratory. Confidence is inspired, poise and ease of manner is acquired when one knows what is the correct thing to do and how to do it. It is the harmonious training of mind, body and soul.

We believe that the bits of philosophy and truth, the amusing scenes, the heart to heart talks will offer a fragrant retrospection and we hope they will be pleasant pictures which will always hang on memory's wall to make our days brighter as we travel along the high road and approach the golden glow of sunset. We trust that our lives and the lives of all those who have witnessed our maiden efforts in a profession which stands pre-eminent, will be filled with a greater abundance of joy and happiness and a broader view of life because of our association with Mrs. Hogan, head of the Oratory Department of the Muncie Normal Institute.

Floyd Hodson, Associate Editor.



A GROUP OF ORATORY STUDENTS

Class Colors—Green and White
Class Flower—White Rose

Class Organization

FLOYD HODSON, President

MERRITT McWHIRT, Secretary and Treasurer

CLAIRE MORGAN, Pianist

CLASS ROLL

Aguilar, Amanuel
Anderson, Reba
Bishop, William
Bodsil, Lois
Brown, Pauline
Bennett, Gayle
Ball, Anna
Ballenger, Mary
Brown, Margery
Bales, Della
Ballenger, Elsie
Baker, Mary
Berk, Elsie
Barr, Goldie
Barnett, Margaret
Bubelis, John
Brady, Paul
Beeler, Chas.
Bradbury, Mrs.
Bosworth, Cecil
Camara, Alberto
Calis, Forest
Cook, Alhambra
Courtright, Herbert
Clark, Cora
Cooley, Margaret
Crippen, Flo
De Young, Anna

Denny, Frank
Donahue, Clara
Dye, Lucille
Drake, Miss
Eley, Hessie
Feight, Winifred
Fitzsimmons, Pearl
Ford, Blanche
Geltinger, —
Glen, Huston
Graper, Arthur
Geeckler, Mr.
Hamilton, Glydis
Hukell, Margaret
Harris, Esta
Hobson, Chas.
Hiatt, Ed.
Holdren, Marie
Hamilton, Lois
Helster, Velence
Holloway, Hazel
Hodson, Floyd
Hinchman, Mary
Harding, William
Higgins, Howard
Inlow, Helen
Johnson, Paul
Jones, Martha

Jordan, Chlora
Johnson, Esther
Knox, Eula
Kirk, Irene
Knox, Lela
Kent, Chrystal
Keener, Eva
Kepner, Paul
Kerr, Nellie
Knook, Elizabeth
List, Vera
Lagarraga, Juan
Modlin, Vera
Moddrell, Margaret
Morgan, Claire
McWhirt, Merritt
McCoy, Paul
Markle, Herman
Mayar, Miss
Miller, Flora
Miller, Dixie
Norsworthy, King
Nay, Mary Lea
Needler, Montelle
Ottot, Jessie Mae
Phillips, Martha
Quear, Chester
Robbins, Edith

Rock, J. T.
Reynolds, Sarah
Reeves, Edith
Spivey, Estelle
Schoolcraft, Miss
Smelser, Glen
Stevenson, Edith
Simcoke, Lela
Samuels, Chas.
Skinner, Lula
Sumwalt, Opal
Schlegel, Chester
Simcoke, Mrs. L. Q.
Stephenson, Mattie
Searle, Irene
Smitley, Cecelia
Schwim, Mr.
Taylor, Glenn
Tavener, Kathryn
Tonkel, Rosza
Unrue, Homer
Vega, Snor
Vermillion, Paul
Williford, Elsie
Weaver, Edith
Wedman, Edith
Waite, Miss
Widman, Alinda

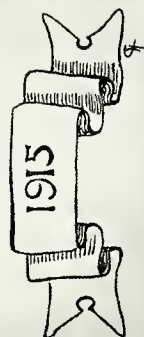
SCENE FROM
THE COLLEGE BALL



A CLASSIC GROUP



GRADUATE CLASS



THE ATTACK



SCENE FROM
WILLOWDALE





MISS ELSIE WILLIFORD

in Recital, June 15, 1915

Assisted by Messrs. McWirt and Hogan

PROGRAM

PART I.

Mice at Play.....	Anon
The Dead Pussy Cat.....	Bennett
Mirandy on Romantic Lovemaking.....	Dix
Group of Lullabys—	
Wyken, Blynken and Nod (musical).....	Field
Rock-a-bye Baby (pantomime).....	Arranged by Mrs. Hogan
Ma Pickaninny Babe (musical).....	Johnson

PART II.

How Gentlemen Are Made (Costumed Character).....	Cooke
Johnie Reads the Newspaper (Costumed Character).....	Britney
Grecian Posing.....	Originated by Mrs. Hogan
Editha's Burglar (a Romance).....	Burnett
John Winslow.....	Merritt McWhirt
Herbert King.....	Arnold Hogan
Editha.....	Elsie Williford

Music by M. N. I. Orchestra, Prof. Gast, Director,
Miss Morgan at the Piano.



SCENE FROM "EDITHA'S BURGLAR"

MR. FLOYD HODSON
in Recital, June 18, 1915
Assisted by Miss Williford



PROGRAM

PART I.

The Student (Musical).....	Edwards
Askin' the Guv'ner.....	Anon
Sergius to the Lion.....	Wallace
Ker-Chew Duet.....	Anon
Apples (A Negro Sketch in One Scene).....	Anon
The Mayor's Husband.....	Britney

PART II.

Uncle Abner on Dancing (Costume Monologue).....	Anon
The Goddess of Love (Humoresque).....	Newton
Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love.....	Elsie Williford
Knott Jones, the Tramp.....	Floyd Hodson

Music by the Conservatory Orchestra, Ira M. McKinney, Director
Miss Morgan at the Piano.



SCENE FROM "THE GODDESS OF LOVE"



MISS CLAIRE MORGAN

in recital June 22, 1915

Assisted by Messrs. Williamson, Courtwright and Graper.

PROGRAM

PART I.

A Romance.....Cutting
Voice from a Far Country.....Anon
Polly's Surprise Party.....Locke
Poor John.....Foley
Maybe It's a Bear (Musical Novelty)

Assisted by Edmund Williamson

The Window Curtain (Costume).....Morris

PART II.

The Rubaiyat (Pantomime).....Omar Khayyam
Arthur Graper, Reader
Breaking the Engagement (Comedietta).....Parker
John Fielding.....Edmund Williamson
Binks.....Herbert Courtwright
Bessie Smith.....Claire Morgan

Music by M. N. I. Orchestra, Prof. Gast, Director,
Miss Carrie Hazlett at the Piano.



SCENE FROM "BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT"



MISS JESSIE MAE OTSTOT
in recital June 2, 1915
Assisted by Arthur Graper



PROGRAM

PART I.

Three Little Chestnuts (a Tragedy in Still Life)
Nothin' 'TallPiner
Coming Thru the Rye (Pantomime).....Arranged by Mrs. Hogan
Assisted by Mr. Graper
Few Bars in the Keg of G.....Osborne
You Can't Guess What He Wrote on My Slate (Musical).....Kingsbury
The Coming Out of Miss Cummings (Monologue).....Russell

PART II.

Making Him Tell at Home (Girl Impersonation).....Locke
A Jolly Brick (Boy Impersonation).....Phelps
A Love Suit (Comedietta).....Newton
Robert Darington.....Arthur Graper
Amy Leister.....Jessie Otstot

Music by the Conservatory Orchestra, Ira M. McKinney, Director
Miss Morgan at the Piano.



SCENE FROM "A LOVE SUIT"



MR. CHESTER SCHLEGEL
in Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" June 29, 1915

PROGRAM

Rip Van Winkle.....Chester Schlegel
Characters interpreted by Misses Elsie Williford, Cecelia Smitley and Hazel Holloway;
Messrs. Arthur Graper, Floyd Hodson, Merritt McWhirt, Arnold Hogan and Edmund Williamson.

Villagers: Messrs. Needler, Babelis and McCoy.

Dwarfs: Masters Roy Andrews, Alva Lowman, James Anderson, Robert Kimberlin and George McCreary.

Music by M. N. I. Orchestra, Prof. Gast, Director.
Miss Morgan at the Piano.



WAKING SCENE FROM "RIP VAN WINKLE"

MISS CECELIA SMITLEY
in Recital, July 2, 1915
Assisted by Arthur Graper



PROGRAM

PART I.

When Angry Count One Hundred.....Cavazza
A Lesson in Cookery.....Anon
A Medley.....Banks
Tomorrow at Ten.....Perry
Big Chief Battle Axe (Indian Novelty).....Allen
Sweet Girl Graduate.....Phelps

PART II.

Sissy Hawkins (Costume Monologue).....Snell
Grecian Posing.....Arranged by Mrs. Hogan
Assisted by Arthur Graper
A Midnight Courtship (Humorous Sketch).....Phelps
Allen Boardman.....Arthur Graper
Mrs. Davis.....Hazel Holloway
Priscilla.....Cecelia Smitley

Music by the Magic City Quartette. Soloists, Messrs. Kirshner and Paris.
Miss Morgan at the Piano.



"WRESTLING FOR THE GOBLETS"



MR. MERRITT McWHIRT
in Recital, July 9, 1915
Assisted by Miss Dougherty

PROGRAM

PART I.

The Debating Society.....	Hall
At the Stroke of Two.....	Dickson
Bill's Tenor and My Bass.....	Field
Do You Take This Woman for Your Lawful Wife (Musical).....	Sterling
Long Distance.....	Lewis
Pro and Con	Powers

PART II.

Fritz on Woman Suffrage (Costume).....	Smith
The Mouse (Comedietta)	Harrison
The Woman.....	Cecil Dougherty
The Man.....	Merritt McWhirt

Music by M. N. I. Orchestra, Prof. Gast, Director.
Miss Morgan at the Piano.



SCENE FROM "THE MOUSE"

COMMERCIAL



Commercial Department

ESSIE E. KIMBERLIN, Shorthand and Typewriting
J. E. JAMES, Bookkeeping

Class Colors—Crimson and Gray

Class Flower—Richmond Rose

RUSSELL McCLURG, President
BEATRICE WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer
GERTRUDE LIEBER, Vice President

The Importance of a Business Education



ANY branch of education within our reach should be obtained if possible. Whatever will strengthen the mind, expand the vision and make us more useful, is valuable whether it has a direct bearing on what we purpose to do or not to do.

There are certain lines of education that have only a remote connection with other branches. For instance, if one is studying music, the knowledge of art will aid in the appreciation of music, but it is not fundamental.

But there is one branch necessary to the highest efficiency in every profession, calling or trade. That is what we call a Business Education. There is a business side to every life task, and the manner in which we care for that, determines largely our standing, effectiveness and accumulations.

Therefore, the up-to-date, practical school, like the Muncie Normal Institute, has put in its curriculum, a Business Course, making it possible for the students in any other course to be trained in this indispensable branch.

So, whether you expect to teach, preach, practice law or medicine, be a carpenter, farmer, clerk, blacksmith or policeman, do not enter upon your chosen occupation without first saying, "This one thing I do."

"With all thy getting, get Business."

Rev. T. J. Johnson.



THE STUDENTS OF THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT



BUSINESS STUDENTS AT WORK

The earliest means in the writing art
Was on tablets where stone chisels played their part;
But this was very crude and slow,
And out of date did quickly go.

Then the old goose quill was given a start,
And it too very soon lost heart.
The pen and pencil had their day,
Now it's the typewriter all the way.

You cannot work efficiently
Without its speed and accuracy.
If you desire to be progressive and are bound to win,
Take typewriting and get in the swim.





RUSSEL PLYMATE

"A quiet unassuming man of sterling worth."



D. N. MERRILL

"The chap who puts the short in shorthand."



GASTON RAMIREZ

"The first requisite of all education should be man timber."



J. B. LEON

"He longed for more worlds to conquer."



CHARLES AMBROSEY

"Mr. Ambrosey should be 'Sunny Jim,'
At least that name applies to him."

M. Butcher



GERTRUDE LIEBER

"Business, that's poetry."

FRED STRADLING

"Could I love less I would be happier."

BEATRICE WILSON

"An excellent musician and her hair shall be of what color it pleases God."

CLAUDE STOOPS

"Lean, long and lanky,
Never angry nor cranky."

S. C. DAVIS—"He who talks much says many foolish things."

LESTER BOOKOUT—"His only fear—squirrels."

DANA FESLER—"Wisdom doth sit lightly on his brow."

THOMAS TURNER—"I had a job, I want a position."

MARGARET TODD—"Shorthand—a hobby worth while."

KATHERINE McCRILLUS—"Medicine for the soul."

GLENN TAYLOR—"Isn't it funny, how much one can do
With the class's money?"

EARL DUDLEY—"I will live and die a bachelor."

MARK BREWER—"A man worth knowing."

CARROLL NORRIS—"Good looking, humorous, attractive."

Commercial Halloween Party



Halloween party was given by Miss Beatrice Wilson for the Commercial Department of the Muncie Normal Institute.

The students met at the home of Miss Wilson at 1428 West Seventh street, in their varied costumes, some of which were those of clowns, America, Martha Washington, Morning, The Shepherdess, Fortune Tellers, Gypsy Dancing Girls, Flower Girls, while those worn by the boys were George Washington, Messenger Boys, Policemen, Rubes, Clowns and Indians.


The jollity was commenced with a strolling party to a vacant store building which was decorated with corn stalks and ribbons which were the school colors, yellow and black. The room was provided with plenty of cushions and benches and was lighted exclusively by pumpkin faces. The walls were a solid mass of wonderfully assorted pennants, class colors and leaves, which were colored with the season. The piano was also covered with pennants and all that remained uncovered was the keyboard which was wonderfully handled by Miss Endora Sample.

The amusements of the evening were moulding contests in which the different guests engaged in moulding cats out of putty. Mrs. Iva Coss made the most perfect one and received the first prize. Mr. Harris received the booby prize.

The fortune telling booth was a place of great interest as the fortune teller was one of great renown. Many of her prophecies have come to pass. Another way to have the fortune told was to go to the great kettle and find your fortune which was hidden in English walnut shells, the boys' fortune being marked with a black ribbon and the girls' with a yellow. In a tub of water was placed three apples, one yellow, one red and the other green. Bows and arrows were provided and the game was to pierce an apple with a dart, your fate resting on the apple you hit. This was very much sport and great accuracy was shown in the shooting.

A three-course luncheon was served after which favors were given. The crowd strolled back to the home of Miss Wilson where they took off their masks and were very much surprised to see how much they could be fooled. We are glad that our school days may be crowded with such reminiscences.

A Few Pages from a Diary of 1935

ENVER, August 15, 1935. When I came home from my office this afternoon, I found among my letters one post marked, Muncie, and immediately my thoughts flew back to the time when my interests were all centered in that city. On opening it I found it to be an invitation to all alumni of the Muncie Normal Institute to attend the commencement August 25. Of course, a keen desire to return to my Alma Mater and to see old friends seized me, and on reading the names of the committee—H. M. Guillette, who, I remember, had a severe attack of heart failure when a shorthand examination was announced; Edgar Diltz, who, on account of his ability to see things from a higher point of view than all others, was called Mr. Stilts; and Dana Fesler, who was generally planning to leave Muncie but whose plans always culminated in his staying just a little longer; I decided that I would be in Muncie for the meeting and so have spent the evening making arrangements for my journey.

Chicago, August 23, 1935. As I travel towards Muncie, things happen that tend to bring that time twenty years ago to my mind and to add to the anticipation of the coming few days. The first of these events happened shortly after starting eastward, when my attention was attracted by someone calling, "Peanuts, popcorn, crackerjack and chewing gum," in that deliberate, clear manner that immediately recalled memories of Albambra Cook reading from his shorthand notes, and sure enough that's who it was. In the morning I bought an Omaha paper and read of the great work of the evangelists Claude Stoops and Earl Dudley.

I wanted to visit some of the important places of Chicago, and as my time was limited, I called a bell boy to ask for some information and who should respond but Bill Turner. You can imagine how stunning he looked in the close fitting suit of a bell boy. I asked that an aviator be called and great was my surprise when the driver of the airship "Clara" proved to be Fred Stradling, the talented bookkeeper and newspaper man of old Muncie.

As we flew around we passed a beautiful park called the Mark Brewer Park and my guide said that it was named for Mark Brewer, the Modoc banker, whose grave, since he was on his way to Europe on the ill-fated Lusitania during the European war, was a watery one.

This evening I have been to a performance of "The Valley of the Moon" and in the list of theatrical artists appeared the names of Maud Thornburg, Lillian Flemming and Donald King, who now fills the place in the hearts of the play-loving public that DeWolf Hopper held in our school days. As I came from the theater, I was lured into an attractive flower shop and was so struck with the familiar appearance of the clerk who waited on me that when she brought my purchase I asked if I could ever have known her and she proved to be Ethel Life, who had fallen heir to a fortune but who now is the widow of the fortune hunter Glenn Taylor. Being left penniless and having forgotten her shorthand she is selling flowers.

I am looking forward to tomorrow when I shall reach the goal of my anticipation.

Muncie, August 25, 1935. It certainly has been a day of delight and pleasure to me and although weary with its many festivities, I must make note of it as one of my gala days. I arrived in Muncie in the morning and of course, did not stop until I reached Normal City. Goodness, what a change; a city for sure! The school has grown and many buildings have been added. Where the girls' dormitory used to stand is the great Hotel Training School. People were coming from every direction and to assure safety to all, Waldo Schultz and Tom Turner, in the uniforms of Police of Normal City, took care of the congested traffic. They are busier even than the constable used to be when it was his duty to keep an eye on them and the memorable Tenth Legion.

Normal City seems to have fallen in line with all leading questions, not excepting that of Women's Suffrage, for Miss Margaret Todd is proving herself the most efficient mayor the city has ever known and Miss Goldie Wilhelm acts as her secretary.

The invitations had named the time for the meeting of the alumni for the afternoon and being anxious to see old faces, I eagerly awaited the appointed hour. When I was going across the campus, the first people I saw were Cecil Solomon—and Carl Mercer, after years of married bliss strolling just as they did twenty years ago. A number of old

students had returned, among them, Arvil Cottrel, who shortly after his school life had developed an automatic typewriter, with his Mildred and the seeing of these people clearly recalled the time when Arvil wrote his daily to Mildred on the typewriter. All would have been disappointed had not S. C. Davis come, but he was there, a typical man of the track, now holding a monopoly on all the race horses of America, and with him, of course, you know, just as of old—Mary. This case was the culmination of the old C. H. & D. Club. J. B. Leon, who is of the Chinese Embassy to this country, was as happy as of old in being here and all traces of the rivalry he had with Prof. James and Prof. Clark had disappeared.

Eva Welch Brown, the Emma McChesney of our time, told us of her experience as a saleslady traveling for a shirtwaist company that she had been successful and been made partner in the concern. As we sat talking over old times, two very aristocratic looking men came into our midst. They were Emerson Jones and Harry McDaniels. They are directors of the United Railway Co. Little did we think, when Harry used to have such a time with his trial balances that he would develop into a financier. Miss Lieber has won great renown as a "present day" woman in New Jersey, where she now owns and controls one of the most up-to-date creameries in the world. Marie Stauff is still Marie Stauff but she says that she still enjoys moonlight picnics. Of course, we supposed she was a stenographer but she informed us that she had long ago abandoned that work and turned her energy to the kindergarten line.

Many of the business students of twenty years ago could not be here but they were all heard from in some way. I remember it was twenty years ago that Russell McClurg went to the Dakotas to teach and there he found someone who decided his fate should be that of a "little gray home in the west." J. Narvaez is owner of a plantation in Central America, where he takes an active part in the development of those countries. Mrs. Coss, who through her charming personalities and work and study of the problems confronting the women of our country is the president of the Mothers' Congress of the United States. No one knew anything about Miss Ring. It seems that one day she rode away on a motorcycle and that is the last that was ever heard of her.

Shortly after Marie Galbreath left school she accepted a position with one of the moving picture companies and while engaged in this work was drowned when the motor boat in which her captor was escaping with her was wrecked. Russell Plymate, who while yet in school was "plying" for a "mate" has accomplished his desire and is now at the head of a line of commercial schools. Fred Vega, who worked so diligently with his English, is now the leading oculist of Havana. The last heard of Emanuel Aguilar, he had held the presidency of Mexico for a month.

When someone asked about Charles Ambrocy, we found out that he long ago gave up the idea of being an undertaker of bookkeeping and had become the highest paid motion picture actor in this country, having usurped the place of Charles Chaplin. Lena Cloud, the champion speller of old, has become the wife of the author to whom she had acted as private secretary. Cowing Barnes started as a "speeler" with a circus and now has a monopoly on all the shows of the country. Carroll Norris met his fate when driving in the races at the Indianapolis speedway in 1920, although he had driven often on the muddy roads between Muncie and the neighboring towns with his friend Norman Merrill as pilot.

Mrs. Kimberlin is now an honorary member of the faculty at the Muncie Normal Institute and her entire time is given up to taking care of the erasures and mistakes in the typewriting. Just as we were leaving the campus, Mr. James came driving up in his 1935 Model "Ford." I wonder if he is still going to the Y. M. C. A. gym each afternoon?

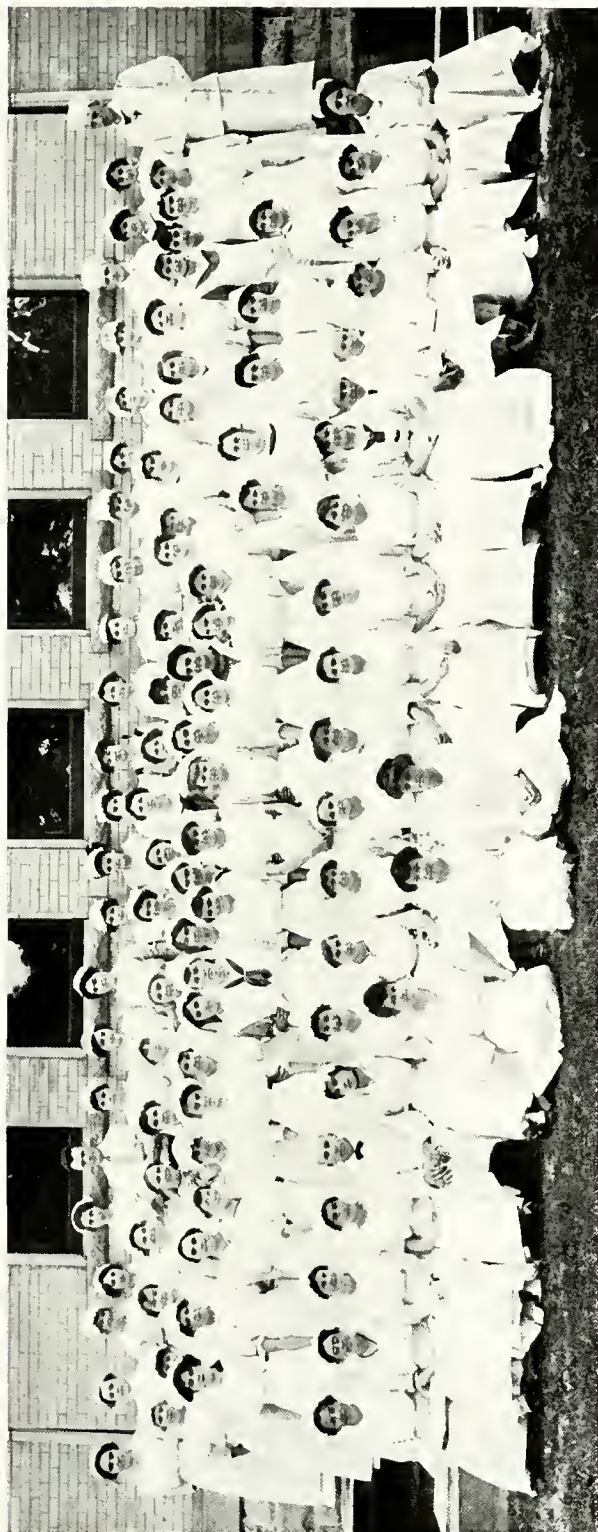
This evening I have been to a dance at the home of Katherine McCrillus. You can imagine my surprise when Paul Loffburrow asked me for a dance. He is a princely looking man and said he was Senator from Indiana. When I went out on the balcony what should I see but Lester Bookout making love to Irma Ohle, who was a study in gold from her gilt shoes to the butterfly in her hair, which is the same golden tint as of old. Another guest was John Lizarrage a diplomat from Mexico. Late in the evening Gaston Ramierz and his dancing partner Beatrice Wilson came in to do the dances of the day. Their talent far surpassed that of the Castles of our school days.

Now for the arrangements for my homeward journey. I think I shall go back to Denver and change my name for a Long-er one.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE





A GROUP OF HOME MAKERS

ALINDA WIDMAN, President

FAITH THOMPSON, Vice President

ESTA HARRIS, Secretary

VIVIENNE FOWLER, Historian

FRANCES SHERA, Poetess

EDITH BENGGE, Editor

Class Motto: "Do all you can
As well as you can
As quickly as you can."

Class Colors: Blue and White

Class Flower: White Rose

Editorial



THE Department of Home Economics certainly has had a great growth and development during the past two years. As a class we never labored more diligently nor more profitably than during these years. For both cooking and sewing we had very pleasant rooms, and our instructors, Miss Robinson (Mrs. Burton) and Miss McGann seemed to have a single purpose, namely, to see how much work an average girl could do from 6:50 a. m. to 12:00 p. m.

I am sure you will be interested in learning what the class actually accomplished. Beside learning to cook and sew, we learned to patch and darn scientifically; to care for our future husbands when they are ill from the effects of an indigestible luncheon eaten up-town; to prepare a balanced menu so that the said unfortunate husbands may be restored gradually to their original health and beauty; how to render first aid to the injured; how to buy the most durable, artistic and suitable materials at the lowest possible prices; how to launder these materials so they may retain their original beauty. We also learned how to keep a boarding house, and that to keep a boarding house and at the same time always keep your temper was a difficult task.

The class in Millinery and Dressmaking never will be forgotten, I am sure. Such picture hats and beautiful gowns will never again be made at the M. N. I.

In Prof. Taylor's Chemistry and Bacteriology Classes we learned of the dangerous poisons which are placed in our food as preservatives and of what precautions we, as homemakers, should take in selecting these foods; the nature of molds, and the hiding places of the terrible bacteria, until we shuddered when we touched the door knob, and when riding in cars were afraid to touch the seats or breathe the air. We also found that one could not study millinery and bacteriology at the same time. (For further information see "Polly.")

In Prof. Life's class in Household Physics we learned where all the wheels and axles of the home were located, and whether the knives and forks were first, second, or third class levers. Here we also gained much knowledge that will prove extremely useful.

Prof. Whitmarsh gave us much aid in the art of teaching, and no teacher appreciated more thoroughly than did he the good attendance, hard work, and pleasant disposition of the D. S. '15.

It is with a feeling of sincere regret that we leave the pleasant, familiar scenes of M. N. I. and say good-bye to our teachers. We know that throughout our course their every act has been for our welfare, and we feel the obligation of showing to our students in the future the same kindness that has marked their attitude toward us.

The graduating day is near,
The saddest of our course,
The throats that once with lusty cheer,
Yelled "M. N. I." till we were hoarse,
Can scarce repress a sob.
'T will soon be time for cap and gown,
The parting day's not far,
"In country schoolroom and in town,
Your futures you must make or mar,"
Thus speaks Ambition's throb.

Edith Bengé, Editor.



LAURA WATSON

"Silence is the one great art of conversation."

VERNA LIGHT

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and
all her paths are peace."

PAULINE BROWN

"If she will, she will; you may depend on it;
If she won't, she won't; there's an end on it."

LORA BAKER

"Through all her troubles patient and kind."

EDITH BENGE

"I value Domestic Science; none can prize
it more."



ADELAIDE McKAY

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

SADIE WITSMAN

"It's good to be merry and wise,
It's good to be honest and true."

VIVIENNE FOWLER

"Love to one, friendship to many, and good
wishes to all."

ALICE BINGHAM

"As true as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

MATIE CHRONISTER

"Full of the deepest, truest thought,
Doing the very thing she ought."

ELLA SOUHAN

"A sincere lass, we wish her well, but she
is bashful and shy with a twinkle in her eye."



FATH THOMPSON

"A daughter of the gods they say,
Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

VIRGINIA SAUER

"I love my noisy prattle,
Of ceaseless words that flow,
I love to wind my mouth up,
But I love best to hear it go."

ALINDA WIDMAN

"Who deserves well needs not another's praise."

FLORA MILLER

ASENATH JEWELL

"Her beauty could hide her faults,
If she had faults to find."

FRANCES SHERA

"Variety is what we need in our Domestic
Science Class."

History of the Household Economics Class of 1913-15



T was a beautiful autumn day in 1913 and the college building showed magnificently through the trees and shrubbery, over it proudly waved Old Glory to greet the host of "new students," who had made their way thither from all parts of the world, intent upon gaining knowledge which would better fit them to grapple with the problems of life.

From among the throng came some thirty lasses, who saw the need of training and the advantages of being well versed in the arts of home making, enlisted in the Household Economics Class under the supervision of Miss Robinson.

First they were introduced to the scenes of many hard fought, but victorious battles, the model equipped cooking laboratory. Here neatness and order were the first rules, so while uniforms donned, they were instructed as to the mechanism of the weapons of warfare, taught how to fire an oven without an explosion and given explicit directions for measuring, combining and reloading and rules for care, namely, "dish washing" and other details.

Next they were shown into a well equipped room dotted with dissecting tables, lockers and queer looking "jacks-in-the-box," which proved upon pressing the trigger to be sewing machines. Directions for proper use of all implements of warfare were given, and armed with tape measure, needle, thread and scissors, our practice began, making bandages for the unfortunate home-sick ones to use in home nursing and making the tiniest stitches in broken hearts. Quite a rivalry became apparent in the strife for P+'s. Each was seeking for some new touch of art to add a distinction to her garment, window shopping became the fad and Miss Sinclair's artistic tastes were consulted in choosing harmonious or contrasting colors or a subtle proportion in some design. While thus engaged some found that quite a wealth of antique relics might be copied in the form of Egyptian pottery, French and Indian baskets and many "masterpieces" were produced. Plans for the "home decoration" were executed in the shops under Prof. Scudder, but such a dust was raised by the rapid firing of feminine tongues that it was thought advisable to make a culture and examination to ascertain if any harmful bacteria permeated the atmosphere. Accordingly Prof. Taylor's powerful field glass, the microscope, was summoned but it revealed more helpful than harmful bacteria, so we rested easy for a time, taking a holiday and accepting an invitation to the Senior halloween party, where each had the pleasure of being introduced to the only but very distinguished gentleman present, "The Skeleton in Armor." What caused his ghastly appearance, too much eating, too little or none at all? To avoid coming to his end, they endeavored to learn the composition of the many food stuffs, and upon making chemical analysis found them containing harmful preservatives and adulterants. Let's have "pure food only."

After a year's conquest and many victories won, good byes were said and each took departure for the summer vacation, only six of the number returning in the autumn, many being content with a little knowledge, others going forth to scatter the good seed, but the ranks were filled by newcomers

and some twenty met in the autumn of 1914 to elect officers for the Senior year which was to mean so much to all.

During the year much was realized from their labor and many new projects were attempted. That of actual experience, the running of the Gibson House, though difficult, proved a great success.

Blue Mondays are to be a thing of the past due to scientific laundry work pursued. The marketing problem was dealt with very successfully and there will be no need for any member of the class being deceived as to the true worth of a fabric, for Miss Stranch's instructions in textiles were very thorough.

The millinery opening caused quite a sensation as the girls came out in their festive apparel created under Miss McGan's watchful eye. Though about ready to go out and meet the world's battles, a frolic such as only a "Kid party" affords was one not to be forgotten.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," so each strove for perfection in the art of cookery, this being demonstrated during the last weeks of the joyful school year in the public dinners so well planned and so tastily served by the Senior Domestic Science girls.

The year came to a close with many regrets that it was a parting, but memories of the happy days spent together will always linger and the picnic and many other affairs of the class went to make the spirit what it should be and we are,

"Makers of biscuits, doughnuts and pie,
Domestic Science, M. N. I."

Vivienne Fowler.



"Laugh and the class laughs with you,
Sweep and you sweep alone."



Class Will

(Mrs. Benge)



E, the undersigned members of the Domestic Science Class of '15, being in imperfect health and of unsound and indisposed minds, memory, imagination and understanding, and considering the uncertainty of death, do publish this, our last will and testament, as follows:

1. I, Matie Chronister, do hereby bequeath my grip-sack or traveling trunk to Prof. Taylor for use on Botany excursions.
2. I, Edith Benge, do hereby bequeath to each member of the class my inability to pronounce "engine" and "pension."
3. I, Pauline Brown, do hereby bequeath my appetite to be divided equally among the members of the Junior class, knowing that each will have a sufficient portion.
4. I, Faith Thompson, do hereby bequeath my everlasting smile to the Junior class.
5. I, Asenath Jewell, do hereby bequeath my ability to "fox trot" to Mrs. B.
6. I, Virginia Sauer, do hereby bequeath to the Junior class the privilege of learning, as I never did, whether clothes should be starched on the right or wrong side.
7. I, Ella Souhan, do hereby bequeath to my beloved classmates my knowledge of the food value of dish water and chicken soup.
8. I, Frances Shera, do hereby bequeath to the manager for that day, my share of the tapioca pudding which I made at the Gibson House.
9. I, Adelaide McKay, do hereby bequeath to anyone desiring it my share of the mush which Mattie fried at the Gibson House.
10. I, Alinda Widman, do hereby bequeath my "tailor tacks" to Adelaide.
11. I, Alice Bingham, do hereby bequeath to the Junior class my strong desire to wash dishes.



12. I, Lora Baker, do hereby bequeath to the Junior class my ability to make butterballs and coffee.

13. I, Verna Light, do hereby bequeath to my classmates my ability to work agreeably with "Dusty."

14. I, Sadie Witsman, do hereby bequeath to the class my ability and love for laundering silk waists.

15. I, Vivienne Fowler, do hereby bequeath my class history to be read by my classmates in recalling the pleasant days spent at M. N. I.

16. I, Laura Watson, do hereby bequeath my ideas and knowledge gained through teaching to be divided equally among my future fellow-sufferers.

17. Lastly, we all bequeath to Prof. Burton our dear Miss Robinson.

Witnessed this 1st day of June, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

CHRONISTER,	FOWLER,	SOUTHAN,	WIDMAN,
BENGE,	JEWELL,	SAUER,	WITSMAN,
BROWN,	LIGHT,	BAKER,	SHERA,
BINGHAM,	THOMPSON,	McKAY,	WATSON,

Witnesses:
BILLY WIGGS,
LINDA BIGGS,
BROWNY POLL.

I consider the discovery
of a new dish
as a far more
interesting event
than the discovery of a star;
for dishes increase the sum of
human enjoyment, whereas there
are always plenty of stars to be seen.
—Pensey.



Class Prophecy

AS I lay in my hammock one summer evening with the soft moonlight streaming through the vines and the cool bay breeze being wafted about, my mind became reminiscent.

My thoughts wandered back to the busy, happy days at old M. N. I. with the Senior Domestic girls, and then my thoughts took wings.

They flew to a city of residences in California where Aseneth Jewell had chosen her home, broad and spacious and where she was dispensing hospitality most generously.

In the same city in the Carnegie Library was Faith Thompson, radiant in the realization of the dream of her life, as Chief Dispenser of Literature.

Farther up the coast in Oregon was Sadie Witsman, enjoying the pleasures of life in her own way. From her I learned that Ella Souhan had contracted the "speed mania" and was pursuing that course whenever possible.

On a cross country trip where the hills and mountains, sky, trees and brook combined making one beautiful scene after another, a woman was discovered in their midst, busily working at her easel. In a near city in the Art Museum were several pictures marked Vivienne Fowler.

In a city in close proximity to our Alma Mater was Edith Bengel, the able assistant to her husband, having lost none of her efficiency as a home maker, nor none of her charm as a hostess.

Riding through the park in a beautiful limousine was Pauline Brown. Rumor told me that she had received a life license for Supervisor of Domestic Science and Agriculture.

In a home which had every mark outside and inside of comfort and convenience, Frances Shera reigned Queen of the Home, with an air of contentment and happiness.

A two-story building covering a block, and dedicated to Domestic Science, next presented itself to my fancy. Alice Bingham was the popular Supervisor and was conducting a class in Institutional Cooking.

While looking over the city I noticed a sign conspicuously exhibited. "Rolls and Butter Balls Like M. Chronister Used to Make." I learned that M. Chronister had made a vast fortune, retired from business and lived in a magnificent home on the hill. Then my fancy flew to a New England city where there were many large institutions. Upon the roster of one of the larger hospitals I saw the name Alinda Widman, Dietitian.

My fancy wandered to Florida where Virginia Sauer presided over a



large plantation, often answering a "long distance call." Then my fancy flitted about rather hastily.

In one small village Verna Light was demonstrating to the women "The Different Modes of Preservation of Food." Her work covered many localities and many subjects, and was under the supervision of one of the Extension Departments. Near here, Laura Watson was instructing the girls along the line of sewing and cooking and proving a great benefit to the community.

During my wanderings I often heard of the tennis champion, Flora Miller, and of the trophies won at the tournaments.

A house party at the home of Esta Harris was a most delightful affair. Here were the girls who had shared our joys and sorrows and tarried after our departure, to gain more wisdom. It seemed good to see Bertha Burton at the piano again, to hear Ella Trout and Osa Woodring in repartee, joined by Daisy Williamson, Lora Baker, and Blanch Fennimore, and to again be with the charming hostess.

Then my thoughts dwell upon the head of this Department, who to us, will always be "Miss Robinson." I thought of how she had fulfilled to a certain degree through us, a dream of hers in the past. Now she has opened her own future of glorified womanhood. She has dreamed her own dreams and made her own prophesies, and may they all come true.

May each member of the class of '15 be as faithful to her duty, as sweet in spirit, as noble in motive, as her devoted instructor has been.

The moonlight streamed on, the bay breeze wafted on, but the dreamer roused. She hoped in all sincerity that Adelaide McKay the last to enter the class, would not be behind her classmates, but keep abreast, and together lighten the cares of those about, and leave the world better for their having lived.





MANUAL TRAINING



SOME OF THE STUDENTS OF THE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT



LORING BURTON

Has two accomplishments that are most suited to each other — "whittling" (Manual Training) and whistling.

Editorial



It is not many years since a college annual containing a section devoted to "Manual Arts" would have been very unusual. At present one who takes note of the volumes of literature dealing with this phase of education which may be had from publishers of textbooks, from libraries, and from educational journals, can only marvel at the prominence the work has gained in so short a time. If you should ask, "Why this rapid development?" a host of people are ready to show you the place which Manual Training, in the broadest sense, should occupy in our educational scheme.

The historian will inform you that man has, from remotest ages, been a "tool using animal." He will trace for you the physical and mental development of man and will show you that the tools used by him had a development parallel to this.

The student dealing with commercial conditions will state that economic conditions and commercial competition now demand industrial education from every nation that wishes to compete in agriculture, manufacture or trade.

The most casual observer will assure you that his observations develop the fact that the life and activities of the home have changed greatly in the past few generations. A great many homes now demand little or no activity of the children with the result that a considerable number of our boys and girls are not efficient in many lines of common labor.

The business man, the manufacturer, the farmer, and many others engaged in ordinary activities, will often state that the high school graduate does not seem to get along as well as would be expected of one having his education and training.

The member of the school board comes forth with the announcement, frequently a complaint, that because of popular demand for manual training, instruction in agriculture, vocational guidance, and various forms of industrial education, they have found it necessary to enlarge their buildings, add to the teaching force, and revise their course of study.

From her secluded quarters Justice appears with the demand that edu-



education and vocation so meet in the lives of our young people that from their daily activities they may derive both life and a living.

Passing others we will lastly hear the educator, who, although he stood aloof the longest, carries with his opinions the conviction of deep, careful, conscientious study. No doubt the greater part of the Arbor Vitae readers will be identified with this group, though some, perhaps, will be amateurs of the first degree. Therefore it is the hope of the editor that the following quotations from some of our educators and the general conclusions from text book writers will not be wholly devoid of interest.

Colonel Parker saw the situation in this manner:

"The fundamental law of evolution is self-activity. Education is evolution assisted. When a man begins to help his fellows grow in body, mind and soul, education begins. We have had the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, but now comes the doctrine of fitting everyone to survive."

President Butler put it rather briefly by saying, "Manual training is mental training through the hand."

Tyler, in his "Growth and Education," advises us thus:

"Manual training is mental training. In the skill of the artisan's hand, in the methodic, accurate movement of the mechanic's arm, in the accurate observation of the eye and ear, you train the mind. Never admit that manual training is anything distinguished from or opposed to mental training."

Prof. Hanus saw a place for manual training when he declared that "The special aim of secondary education, and the teacher's greatest responsibility—a responsibility not often recognized or acknowledged—therefore, consists in the discovery and the special development of each pupil's dominant interests, in so far as these interests represent possibilities of development in harmony with the general aim of education."

The following reasons favorable to giving manual training, in its broadest meaning, a place in the course of study, have been collected from miscellaneous sources:

To the extent that it broadens the child's experience, it broadens our avenue of approach to his mind.

It helps to give control, dexterity and skill.

It interests many not successful in the usual subjects.

It tends to develop an appreciation for honest labor.

It is basic to a large number of vocations.

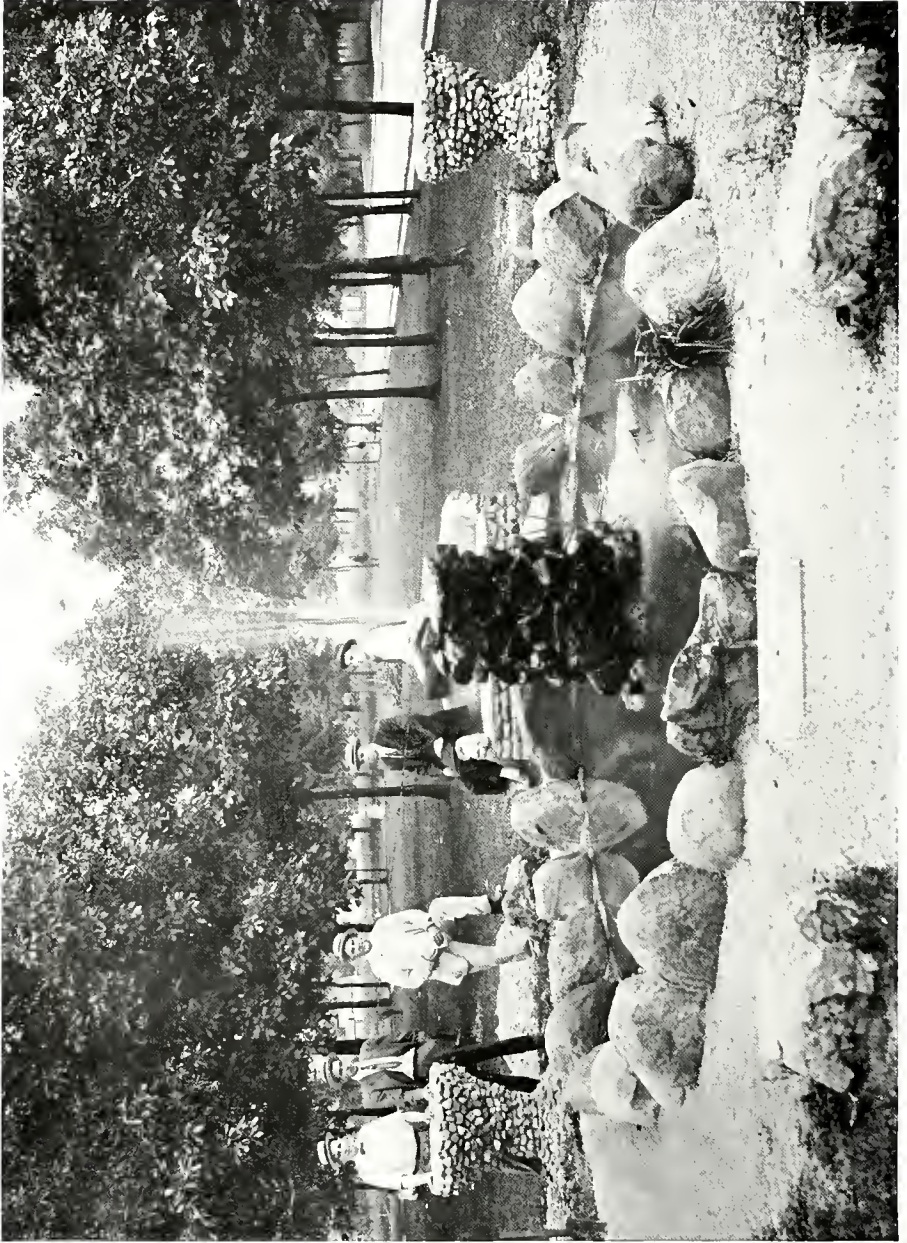
It tends to develop the ability to grasp and embody an idea.

It demands accuracy and furnishes results which speak for themselves.

If you have read as far as this, I thank you for your kind indulgence, and leave you with the hope that when a reminiscent mind guides your eye to the pages of Arbor Vitae '15, the manual training section will not detract from your pleasure.

Kindly thanking those whose assistance and suggestions have made these pages possible.

Archie Bengé, Editor.



The Concrete Class is rather a unique organization for a normal school, but, under the direction of Prof. Steward, it is proving not only instructive and practical, but is doing great service in beautifying the campus in various ways. Some good examples of this are seen in this picture.

Concrete Construction



RULY the M. N. I. deserves the appellation of "A Modern School Meeting a Modern Demand." What is more up-to-date than the practical courses in Concrete Construction introduced last year by J. R. Steward and which have proven the practical value by their popularity?

These courses are not intended to fit the student to become an engineer—on the contrary they are worked out to enable the teacher to offer the work to the grade and high school pupils of the rural and city schools.

Concrete in the country, concrete for the farm, concrete about the home, is the aim of a practical instructor in formulating practical courses.

As was stated, the course is not an engineering course.

Advantage is taken, however, for the close and broad correlation with the important branches of the curriculum this line of work offers. Some of the educational lines touched upon during the term of forty-eight weeks required for the complete course, are Elementary Chemistry: in the study of cement, sand, lime, gypsum, clay and other elements comprising the articles used; soil formation: in the various sands, gravel and rocks used; geology: in the study of rock formation; metallurgy: in the various reinforcements used.

Concrete, plain and reinforced, embraces free hand and mechanical drawing, elementary forge work, plastering, stone and brick laying and bench work in the making of forms and molds. Tree surgery, trimming, pruning, and repairing; the spraying and protection of forest and fruit trees; a study of insect enemies of trees, are also important branches of the course.

The use of concrete is taken up in sections, such as water containers, from bird baths to water supply tanks; overhead work such as beams, floors, and roofs, form a division; posts, columns and pedestals are started and made; solid work such as foundations, steps, sidewalks, and retaining walls are taken up as another division; silos, culverts, and tiles are studied and the principles brought out in the construction of utilities about the campus.

Theory is expounded in the lecture room and is balanced and proven upon the campus where the visitor may see concrete rustic fountains, flower vases, boulder seats, classic Roman benches and other useful articles of ornament and utility. Numerous filled and repaired trees attest the practical trend of the work and the interest of those taking the course.



The Manual Training "Funnygraph"

Girl at A-7—Why do authors always speak of a smile creeping over the heroine's face?

Boy at B-7—Perhaps they are afraid that if it went any faster it might kick up a dust.

※ ※ ※

The professor had been called from the shop and Bishop took advantage of the opportunity to relate one of his experiences while on a naturalist's excursion. He had reached the climax with this sentence: "And there, gentlemen, stood that awful chasm yawning before me," when a weak voice from the other end of the shop asked, "Was it yawning before you got there?"

※ ※ ※

"An alibi is when the fellow who did it wasn't there."—Whetzel.

※ ※ ※

Prof.—"How long have you been using that auger, Mr. Shaffer?"
Shaffer—"Ever since it was a gimlet, sir."

※ ※ ※

Two Normal City newsboys were overheard discussing the war headlines they had read while en route.

First N. B.—"What's all this strategy stuff they talk about?"

Second N. B.—"Well, it's like this. If a feller wuz out uv ammynition and didn't want the enemy to know it, he would jest keep on firin'. That would be strategy."

※ ※ ※

"Say, Hiram, what do they mean by a Stradevarius?"

"Oh, Stradevarius is the Latin name fer fiddle."

※ ※ ※

A foreigner from the M. T. Department had just seen the mascot from the D. S. rooms. On a point of information he asked: "Vat you call ze cat ven he is a leetle pup?"

※ ※ ※

Photographer (to D. S. Class)—Now try not to think of yourselves at all—think of something pleasant.

※ ※ ※

"Did I make myself plain?" asked the speaker in chapel.

"Somebody must a' done it," whispered the little fellow in the back seat.

※ ※ ※

(One of Prof. Steward's favorites.)

"Shay, m' friend, I have been arguing on a question which we want you to decide for us. Is that planet up there the sun or the moon?"

"Can't shay, m' frien', I'm stranger here, too."

※ ※ ※

Recently one of the less ardent advocates of the "Muncie Dry" movement was observed supporting a sign post on Walnut street. His attention rested on a "movie" advertisement just across the street. Reading the placard, "Home, Sweet Home, in Three Reels," a passerby heard him mutter, "I don't shink I'll ever make it."

※ ※ ※

"The streets of New York are a blaze of glory—a veritable riot," explained the American. "Why, there's one electric sign with 100,000 lights in it."

"Doesn't that make it rawther conspicuous, old top?" asked his British friend.

HIGH SCHOOL



BY
MILDRED BRUNNER
BEATRICE KELLY



SOME OF THE STUDENTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Class Organization

FRED STRADLING, President

NINA BALL, Vice President

MARGUERITE HUKILL, Secretary

GLEN TAYLOR, Treasurer

CLARA COMM, Propheters

KING NORSWORTHY, Historian

ORVILLE COTRELL, Poet

EARL RETHERFORD, Sergeant-at-Arms

Colors—Purple and Gold

Flower—Richmond Rose

Motto—"Tomorrow we sail the boundless seas."

Editorial



WE, the High School Seniors of '15 feel, in occupying the following pages with pictures and contributions from the members of our class, that we are building a memorial at this point in life's road, which, when in later years we look back over the road we have traveled, we may view with pride and affection.

Our life, as high school students, has not all been easy sailing, but still we have enjoyed it more than any other period in our life, and those few trials and troubles which we have already experienced, have for the most part, only served to broaden and strengthen our natures.

We have earnestly endeavored to do the very best we knew how and to strive earnestly to keep on doing so till the end.

We neither praise nor emulate the dead ones in our class. Keeping everlastingly at work brings success and the fellow with no fixed purpose in life finds it a difficult matter to hit the bulls-eye.

The most expensive things in life are those we get for nothing, and we wonder how some people can afford so many such luxuries.

To the faculty of M. N. I. we wish to express our regards and gratitude for their efforts in making our school life worth while. To our Principal, Miss Caseley, we wish to express our appreciation of the personal interest she has taken in our welfare, our admiration of the masterly manner in which she has controlled our class organization, our thanks for the trouble she has taken in our behalf, and last, but not least, our personal affection for her.

So we start into life with a heart full of gratitude for what has been done for us, with a desire to help others, and on our lips our motto, "Tomorrow we sail the boundless seas."

King Norsworthy, Associate Editor.



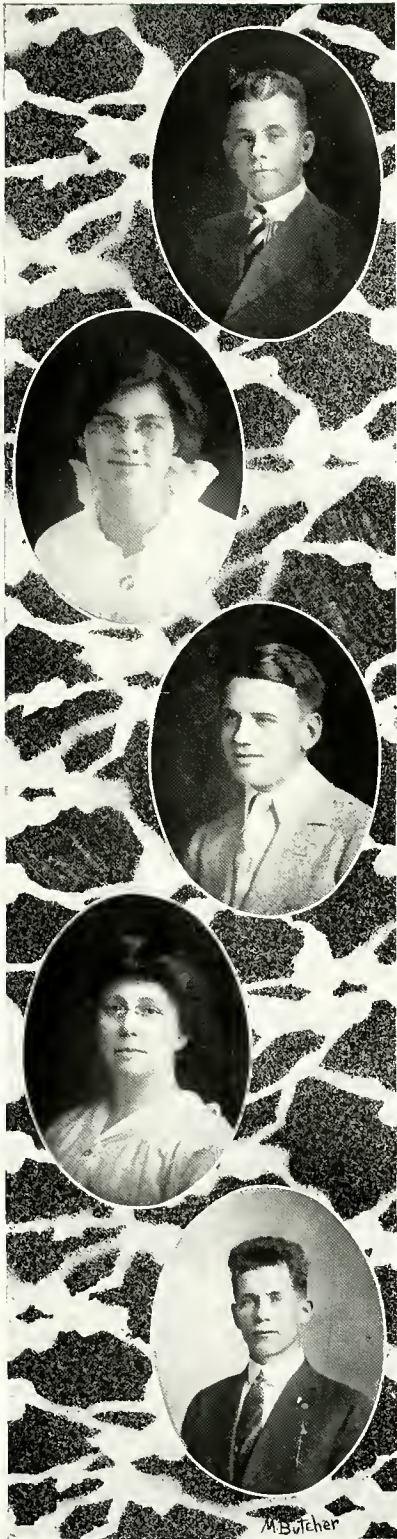
NINA BALL

FRED STRADDLING

CLARA COMM

KING NORSWORTHY

WINIFRED FEIGHT



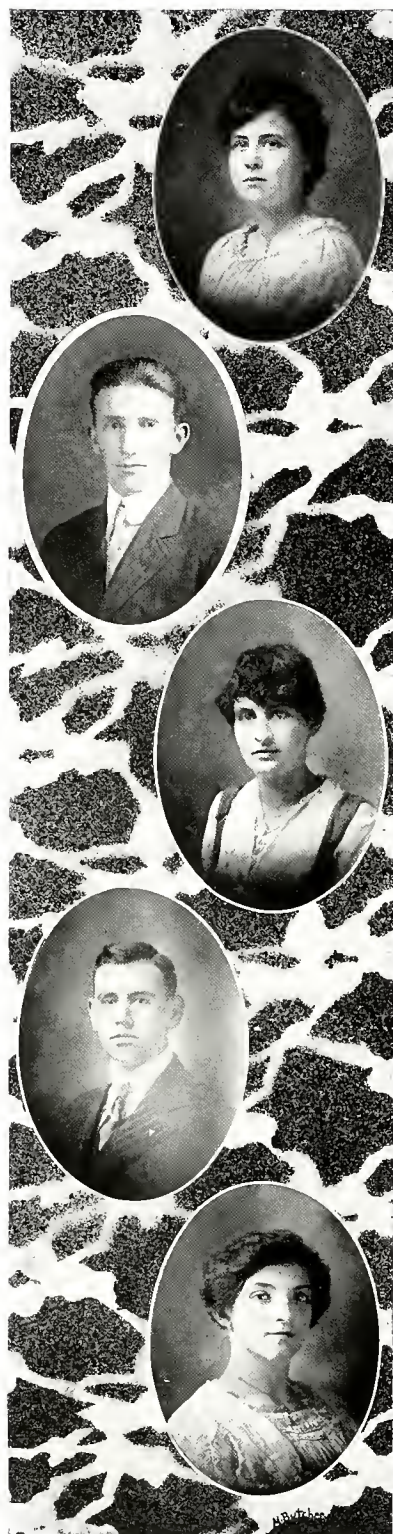
OCAL MUTERSPAUGH

MARGUERITE HUKILL

JOSEPH BRODERICK

EDNA NICOLES

WALTER POE



MARY HINCHMAN

FRANK DENNY

LEONA BROOKS

WILLIAM CAMERON

DORIS SAXON



FLORENCE WOOD

MELVIN LIVENGOOD

ROSE LEITSHUH

GLEN HAYDEN

EDNA HOLDREN



HARRY HAMILTON


RALPH KIRCHNER

PHILIP DORNER

GLEN TAYLOR

BRUCE KAY

HAROLD HUTCHINS



Prophecy



AM somewhat of an antiquity hunter and am fond of exploring London in quest of the relics of old times. These are principally to be found in the depths of the city. I was struck with an instance of the kind in the course of a recent summer ramble into the city: for the city is only to be explored to advantage in summer time. The warm weather had unstrung my nerves and made me sensitive to every jar and jostle and discordant sound. I was getting out of humor with the bustling busy throng through which I had to struggle when in a fit of desperation I tore my way through the crowd, plunged into a by lane and after passing through several obscure nooks and angles emerged into a cosy little room where I sank into the nearest chair. Encouraged by this quietness I leaned my head on my hand, and my arm on an old oaken table where I indulged in a sort of reverie when suddenly there approached me from an obscure corner of the room a little dwarf, who when he had reached me, began weaving a web of the finest silk in various directions. When he had finished he gave me an end of the silken thread and, he taking the lead, bade me follow him. It was certainly the queerest journey I had ever taken for there was no end of mysterious places to which he lead me, through darkness, then sunshine and even through the tiniest knot holes one could imagine. On and on we went till finally, stepping over a large sunbeam when, Lo! I found myself in the world of 1930.

My friend, the dwarf, laughed at my amazement. "This is quite a surprise," he said, "but would you not like to hear about your old classmates, for they are all here and verry happy and contented."

I assured him nothing could be more interesting than a talk about my old school mates. We started on, the country was beautiful. We were very tired and not a little hungry. A few rods ahead we saw a large, comfortable looking farm house, and at once started straight in that direction. On entering the lane I was astonished beyond measure when who should I see but my old friend Frank Denny coming whistling down the lane driving a large herd of cows. He was followed by two little rosy cheeked boys. Our meeting was a happy one. He invited us to the house and there, standing in the door in big blue gingham apron, was the wife whom I recognized as Winifred Feight.

We rested a few minutes then started on. "Would you like to hear of Edna Holdren and Rose Leitshuh?" asked the dwarf. "Why certainly," I replied. "They are both teaching in the Hawaian Islands," he said, "and while Rose is still a maiden lady earnestly pursuing her work, Edna has married and for the first has found time to pursue her favorite pastime, writing bird books, many of which have been adopted by the M. N. I." "But do you know anything about Ralph Kirchner?" I asked. "Indeed, we all should have heard about him," was the answer. "He is now a singer of note in one of the large theaters in Germany rendering such selections as 'Die Wachtam Rhein.'"

At this moment we walked out to the side of the road to allow a large auto to pass which was approaching. As it came closer there was a stately

looking man and by his side a slender little woman. "Who were those people?" I inquired. "Why don't you know those people?" he said, much surprised. "Why that is Wm. Cameron, judge of the Supreme Court, and that is his wife who was Lunnelle McNaughton."

We were almost in the city when I saw sitting on the porch of a neat little cottage Gladys Hamilton. She is Mrs. Frank Hukill now and her face lighted up with pleasure as she told us how much she enjoyed her domestic work and finally adding, "And the work isn't one bit hard for you know since Frank is manager of the Muncie Electric Light Co., I have electricity to run my washing machine, also to iron with, to churn and to run my sewing machine."

"Do you see that farm in the distance?" said the dwarf. "That is a large ranch which belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Kay. Of course you will be surprised when I tell you that he hires such men as Glen Hayden, Harry Hamilton, Walter Poe and Joe Broderick to assist him in his farm work. You will be surprised too, when I tell you I learned that Earl Retherford had done more for the world than any of us. He travels about giving lectures for the cause of the opposite sex and whenever an opportunity presents itself he will even debate on woman suffrage. He is assisted in his talks by his faithful follower, Catherine McCrillus. There's Nina Ball, she is so small I had almost forgotten her. She has given her life up to solitude and prayer and is now in one of the convents known now as Sister Mary."

Little did we think when Melvin Livengood began his career by writing verses on the blackboard that he would be one of the most noted poets of his time. Marjorie Brown is now teaching the most complicated dances in the school which she has established at Chicago. Orville Cottrell who was a very serious thinker is now the minister of the Friends Church in Boston. King Norsworthy, or probably better known as Miss Caseley's Dictionary, has written a dictionary of his own which even surpasses Websters and has been recommended to the M. N. I.

As we were walking down the main street I was attracted by the name of John Maier on the bill board of one of the leading theaters. When I came close enough I read: "John Maier, Muncie's Noted Clarinet Player." We walked on and as I came near the court house I saw Florence Wood, who holds a position there, come running down the steps. As she neared the last step her foot slipped and she fell to the sidewalk. Florence, you remember, always did have a failing for stair steps when she was in school.

As we walked in the dwarf told me many more interesting things. I was very much surprised when he told me that Fred Stradling who has become one of Mr. Bryan's warmest friends, is now editor of Bryan's Commoner, the leading Democrat paper.

As we turned the corner we were attracted by a large crowd on the street. I was told there was to be a great temperance speech and as I was interested, we went nearer, when who should I see delivering the most fiery speech one can imagine but Glen Taylor, beside him sat his wife, who was Marguerite Hukill, listening in awe to every word which fell from the lips of her now famous husband.

It was growing late and I was anxious for rest. "Before we go would you not like to see yourself?" asked the dwarf. I had not thought of this, but I assured him it would be quite a surprise. We walked to one of the large schools in the city and were shown to the Domestic Science room, where there were at least thirty girls in uniform busily cooking. Stepping in who should I see acting as teacher but Clara Conn in white cap and apron, teaching the girls to make doughnuts, her specialty.


Clara Conn.



These are scenes from a most interesting play given by the High School Department under the direction of Miss Hutzel and Miss Drummond. The play, given for the benefit of the Athletic Association, was a success from every point of view, showing some marked talent as well as most painstaking work on the part of those directing it.



History of Class '15

 OUR long years ago we entered the M. N. I. What a frightened group of youngsters we were. Each one's mind was filled with some awful tale of how the Freshmen were treated. Having at last found our seats in the assembly room we sank out of sight with a sigh of relief.

We were a large class. At the end of the first year, however, we were compelled to leave some of our number behind us. The rest of us went happily on.

Although at the beginning of our second year our numbers were somewhat diminished, as individuals we had grown wonderfully. Knickerbockers had given way to real suits, and the girls who the year before had worn curls, now wore plaits tied with ribbons at the ends.

During the second year our self esteem increased greatly. We were Sophomores! Soon we were Juniors. We were very important people and began to have class meetings and to act as much like the Seniors as possible, so that we might have the proper dignity when the great event came. Well, the great day came at last, the day on which we became Seniors. There is nothing like being a Senior, and one has to be a Senior to appreciate the full meaning of the word. And how one changes! The girls who, during the second and third years wore their hair hanging down their backs now did it up with hair pins, and as for the boys, you could tell by the way they held their heads, of what class they were members.

During the winter we took a bob-sled ride to the home of Oral Furst, where a very pleasant evening was spent. Another delightful evening was spent when the class went on a hay-wagon trip to the home of Gladys Hamilton. On the last day of the spring term the High School Department held an all-day picnic on the campus. Athletics and dinner were important features of this.

We look back over the years; we see the Freshman, tear-stained eyes and baby mouth and we say, "Horrors! was I ever as young and green as that?" We look at the Sophomore, giggling at mere trilles, and we say, "Can it be that I was ever that giddy?" Then with a smile of amusement we watch the proud Junior as he marches through the halls and we say, "Heaven forbid! Was that haughty expression ever on my face?" Then we wonder what they think of us and if they look up to us as we looked up to those before us in years gone by.

King Norsworthy, Historian.

What the High School Student Said to the Psalmist

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Geomerty is all a snap.
Great is the mind that never blunders
 Into its labyrinthic trap.

Months are short and time is fleeting,
 Examination day draws nigh.
And each day our grades are greeting
 Failure for us hy and by.

Each day Miss Drummond sadly reminds us,
 That our work is incomplete,
And we leave all hope behind us
 As we sorrowfully take our seat.

But perhaps we'll all recover
 If we work with zeal and vim,
And go plodding on forever
 Till Geometry we win.

Trust no statements filched from others,
 Remember what the book hath said,
Think! think out the propositions,
 Compass in hand and rules in head.

We should each get busy thinking,
 Before our chances get too slim,
Ever working, never shirking,
 And Geometry we'll win.

—Gladys Reeves, High School.

M. N. I. Fancies

In the springtime when the buds are bursting,
 When the snow and ice have gone away;
When the sun's bright rays the frost is melting,
 And the robin sings his song so gay;
When the sweet wild flowers to life are starting,
 When the green grass blades are growing tall,
When the sparkling brooks are onward flowing
 And the broad blue sky doth cover all,
The M. N. I. attendants are daily seen strolling
 Around the broad campus so shady and green,
Then tennis courts hourly with students are thronging
 And Caesar peacefully grazing is ever to be seen,
The trees are all whispering to the warm gentle breezes;
 The praises of the college that the students all sing,
The fountain leaps high in joy as it pleases
 And refreshes the birds as they pass on the wing,
The high school bird-boxes in the tree tops are swaying,
 Rocking the birdies inside to their rest
And the stars and the stripes forever are floating
 Over the college that to us seems the best,
As daily the High School approaches the building
 To their Alma Mater their respect to pay
As they gaze on the flag that gently is floating
 The heart of every one is then heard to say:
"All hail the Muncie Normal our dear Institution,
 To her every student will forever be true,
And to that fair sign of a nation's devotion,
 Three cheers for the Red, the White and the Blue."

Wit and Humor from the High School Department

Syllogism: Boys go to school to improve their faculties. Teachers are faculties. Therefore, boys go to schools to improve their teachers.

✻ ✻ ✻

Miss Drummond—Take the first problem in today's lesson.
Bob King—I didn't get that far.

✻ ✻ ✻

Wills of millionaires remind us,
We can make our deaths exciting,
And departing, leave behind us,
All our wives' relations fighting.

✻ ✻ ✻

Girls often go to church, not so much for the sermons as for the hymns.
(hims.)

✻ ✻ ✻

Earl Retherford—Professor, I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.
Professor—No, neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give.—Ex.

✻ ✻ ✻

Professibus givibus
Longi lessorum
Boyibus kickibus
Now wanti somorum
Boyibus readibus
Muchi Latinorum.
Professoecibus givibus
Himi Zemorium
Boyibus gittibus
Porri gradorum
Endibus termibus
Non ne passorum.—Ex.

✻ ✻ ✻

William Cameron—A queen never has been king of England yet.

✻ ✻ ✻

He—You are the breath of my life.
She—Suppose you hold your breath awhile.

✻ ✻ ✻

High School Student—Mr. Bengé, what is a talking machine made of?
Mr. B.—Well, the first one was made out of a rib.

✻ ✻ ✻

Alice Beebe—How kind of you to bring me these beautiful flowers. They are nice and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet.
Campbell King—Ye—s, there is a little bit—but I'll pay that tomorrow.

✻ ✻ ✻

Prof.—What three words seem easiest for the class to speak?
Glen Hayden—I don't know.
Prof.—You've hit it exactly.

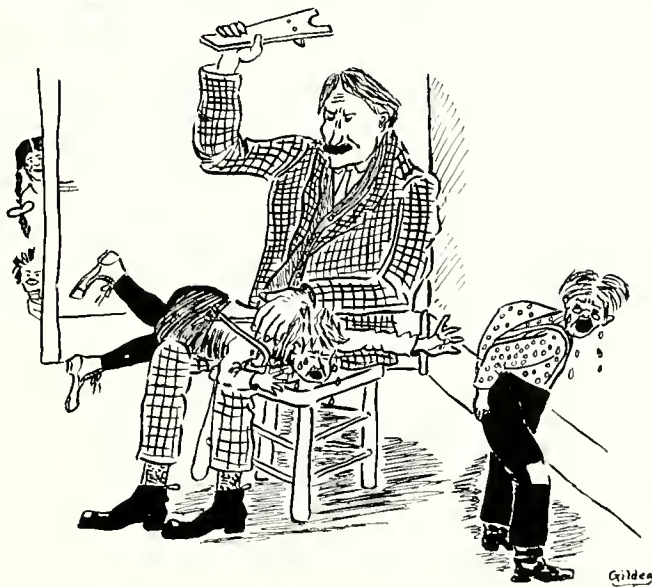
✻ ✻ ✻

The High School Toast: "Here's to our parents and teachers; may they never meet."

ARGENT VITAE

A, B, AND 2 YR.

Cottrell.



Editorial

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

—Longfellow.



THUS it is we strive to reach the heights upon which our ideals are pedestaled.

As participants of this great institute we, the students of Classes "A" and "B" and "Two-Year" Courses, setting forth as teachers or as expectant teachers, believe that life is an opportunity to work. If this be true, then the work of everyone must be in a measure planned for him. The main requisite is keeping an expectant attitude of mind and wide open eyes for the leading that shall come.

Our preparation for this leading could be gained in no better department or under no nobler and greater instruction than that of Professor Whitmarsh, Dean of the Teachers' Courses.

It behooves us then, one and all, to aspire to be greater than our environment. We must make ourselves worthy and our opportunities will come. However, they do not gravitate to those in idleness; they seek the worker, the man who can do things either because he has proven himself in the past, or because he stands ready and willing to prove himself in the present.

It is with this aim in mind that we are striving, and surely with the truly earnest zeal put forth in our work, under such proficient instructors as are found in this department, we should be ready for the opportunity when it comes. Whether it be in the little one-roomed school house in the country or whether it be in the consolidated ones, we must prove our ability to lead—organize—teach—and win.

Many times we find the great opportunities to be made up of the little ones strung together, following in series like the problems in an Arithmetic text book, graded in difficulty and giving knowledge and experience for the next harder.

Therefore, we must keep pace with the race's progress. Without the old the new could not come into existence, yet the old must ever give way to the new. Just as youth is intolerant of age and thinks that youth has the greater wisdom and the greater power, so the present is likely to be intolerant, forgetting its great achievements and the debt that each generation owes to those that have put it into possession of the tools of Progress.

Mary Gessell, Associate Editor.



Organization of Two-Year Course

ORAL FURST, President

LELA KNOX, Secretary

ANNA DeYOUNG, Prophetess

MOTTO: "It matters not from whence the gale
Our ships will go where we set the sails."

Colors— Yellow and White
Flower—Lily-of-the-Valley

M. N. I.

Near the shores of old White River,
To the westward of the city,
You will see the Muncie Normal;
We are proud of Muncie Normal.
All about it wave the green trees,
On all sides the fresh green campus.
Grazing there we see old Caesar,
See the billy-goat—black Caesar,
Mascot of the Normal—Caesar.

Here are gathered many students
From the east and from the north-land,
From the west and from the south-land,
Each one striving for more knowledge.
Many things the Normal teaches
How to cook or do cement work,
To teach school or be a farmer,
Seamstress, chemist, or a painter.
(Girls are more adapt at painting.)

Once Class "A" and "B" and "Two-Year"
Had a picnic at McCulloch,
Spread their eats there in McCulloch,
Played their games and took some pictures.
Took the cakes (we know the boys did.)
Next time we will take some posters,
"Girls, keep off the colored playground.
For it will assist the keeper
If 'tis placed there on the playground.

All the fun and all the frolic
Only binds the friendship closer,
And in all the years that follow
All the busy years that follow
We shall prove our own real value
To our busy fellow creatures
But we shall often think with pleasure
Of the days that have gone by
Of the faculty and classmates
In the dear old M. N. I.



MABEL SCHMIDT

"Silent and attentive too."—Twelfth Night.

MARIE HOLDREN

"Your silence most offends,
And to be merry best becomes you."
—Much Ado About Nothing.

ANNA DeYOUNG

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."
—King Lear.

LELA KNOX

"A good heart's worth gold."—King Henry IV.

ORAL FURST

"As tall as any."—Twelfth Night.

HOIL PRUITT

"Comb down his hair, Look! Look! It stands
upright."
—Henry VI.

Two-Year Class Prophecy



WENTY years after that memorable occasion—commencement at the Muncie Normal Institute I again found myself in the city of Muncie. At my first opportunity I visited the M. N. I. which during my absence had increased from one building to five large, magnificent college buildings. I entered the main building and seeing the janitor asked him to direct me to the President's office. To my surprise I found that the janitor was no other than Hoil Pruitt, a member of our class. He said that after years of careful preparation he had succeeded in obtaining the position of head janitor in the M. N. I.

Mr. Pruitt then directed me to the President's office and the President I found to be my friend Oral Furst. For a long time we talked of old times, when we attended the M. N. I. together. In answer to my question regarding her high position she said that it had been very easy as she had received so much helpful training when she served as President of the "Two-Year" Class. In speaking of her faculty the President said that Clara Pierce had succeeded Miss Sinclair in the Art Department and was doing excellent work. In fact her genius was so wonderful that she was termed the American Raphael. Miss Furst also said that Prof. Whitmarsh had been succeeded by Lela Knox, as Head of the Department of Psychology. Miss Knox had won fame because she had at last given to the world a satisfactory theory of the Emotions.

That afternoon Miss Furst persuaded me to go to the chautauqua with her. There the chief attraction proved to be a number of vocal selections beautifully rendered by the famous prima donna Mabel Schmidt. Afterwards Miss Schmidt told me that the study of the grand opera in Prof. Gast's music class had inspired her to make that her chosen profession.

A few days later I happened to be in Indianapolis visiting friends. As I was looking over one of the Indianapolis papers the advertisement, "Elmer Huffer, M. D., Practice Limited to the Diseases of Children," caught my eye. That afternoon I went to the address I found in the advertisement, and was admitted by the doctor's wife who was formerly Miss Edythe Skinner. When I asked Dr. Huffer why he treated only children he replied that while taking practice teaching at the M. N. I. he had grown so interested in small children that he loved to work with them. While I was there Mrs. Huffer and I went out walking and as we walked she told me of their plans for the next campaign, for she, I found, was a suffragette. As we were going down a beautiful street Mrs. Huffer called my attention to a quaint little house in which she said Marie Holdren lived all alone. She said that Miss Holdren being different from other women, desired the blessings of spinsterhood and for that reason lived alone.

Then, my vacation having neared its end I returned to my missionary work in Japan with new zeal.

Anna DeYoung.



"B" GROUP

No ambitious, conscientious teacher remains in Class "A" any longer than is necessary, consequently this department is rapidly increasing to a number that we are all proud to claim as a part of our Institution.



Report of Prophetess of Class B

Toronto, Canada, August 20, 1924.

My dearest Paul:—

Immediately upon our arrival we came to the Prince Edward Hotel, where our rooms had previously been engaged.

You could never guess who had a place beside me last evening at dinner. It was our old friend President Kelly. He is attending the International Stewards Association convention which is being held here.

In the course of our conversation we fell to talking of the famous 1915 Class "B" of M. N. L. He knew the whereabouts and occupations of most of our old friends and I will write some of the news to you. Kathleen Carlos has at last a chance to talk uninterruptedly as she operates a tea room in this city which I intend to visit this afternoon. Buddie Cartwright's success in selling Annuals led him to become a "speiler" for Ringling Brothers circus, while Bishop, who is utilizing his training in the care of Caesar at M. N. L., is head animal trainer in the same show. Cupid snatched Willis Hanlin for Cora Kellam but despite all, Willis together with Walter Garinger, is making rapid progress as head chef at the Chef School. The most romantic couple of Class "B" was Frances Miller and Frank Scott who eloped in a submarine. Our former legal advisers on clothes, Lloyd Brown and Russell Pyle, are still true to their hobby and jointly manage a department store in Plainfield. You remember the greatest social worker in all Class "B", Mary Sills? Upon her failure to capture a man she established a Home for Injured Dogs. Alice Cramer whose ability as a story teller was universally recognized, is now editor of the "Beauty Hintz" Department of the Ladies' Home Journal. True to his instincts to please the ladies Frank Park has become the greatest designer of millinery in Paris. Among Frank's best customers are Margaret Faye, Evelyn Hayes and Mamie Hollingsworth, who sing in the French grand opera. Most of the remainder of our class has continued in their chosen profession of pedagogy.

Tomorrow we leave for Quebec where we intend to spend the rest of this week.

Your loving wife,

Lettie (Dunn) Kepner.

Evelyn Yund, Prophetess Class B.

Friend Sorrow

(Myrtle E. Sevits)

Friend Sorrow comes to meet thee on the road—
Nay, spurn him not away from thy abode
If he would enter. Greet him as you would
Your strange, chill friend who comes to do you good.
Respecting, yet not fearing, let him stay
Until his errand's done—then bid good-day
And gladly let him pass and leave you free—
But study thou the message left for thee.



"A" GROUP

A Department of the Muncie Normal Institute, not to be surpassed in numbers, and it would be difficult to find a more promising class of young men and young women than are gathered together in this course for the teachers of tomorrow.

Class "A" Prophecy

ONE Sunday afternoon I was lying idly under the trees near the tennis courts, hoping against hope that some fair, unoccupied co-ed would stroll by. Gradually I grew drowsy and before I knew it I was sound asleep, and out of my dreams the M. N. I. of 1925 arose. To the west of it was the magnificent Chef School. Everything was changed, houses were everywhere. I looked about for Caesar, but no Caesar was to be seen. I was walking past the fountain, when, near it I saw a solitary grave. I came nearer and read upon the gravestone: "Here lies Caesar. Drowned July 13, 1923. Requiescat in pace."

Drying my tears, I entered the old M. N. I. building. The first strange thing I noticed was a small room, which had been constructed next to the room labeled "President's Office." I entered this small room and found, neatly pigeon-holed, records up to present date, of the students who had attended M. N. I. I immediately sought out the records of the Class "A" students of the summer term, 1915, and began examining them. The first one I drew out was that of John Linn. I found that John and his devoted wife, Esther, who had gone as missionaries to the Solomon Islands, had been devoured by the cannibals. Next I discovered that Richard Taylor had resigned his position as assistant grammar instructor of the M. N. I., and tomorrow was to take a position in Indiana University. The vacated position was to be filled by Harry Harvey, with Bess Lyons as Secretary and confidential adviser.

Utley had become cooking instructor, but was at present in danger of losing his position, because his former teacher, Miss Hall, had been made violently ill by eating a doughnut he had cooked.

Leola Coleman and Mary Kenny had become inveterate ice cream fiends. Herman Sampson had been married, but was having trouble with his mother-in-law. Althea Swihart, Carl Shirk, Glenda Dakins and Lillian Lake are teaching kindergartens in the rural districts of New Zealand. They are applying to the young aborigines the principles learned in their observation work. Rutledge was now principal of the Training School. He is the proud possessor of a full-grown Van Dyke.

I was just reaching for the record bearing my own name, when I felt something walking upon me, and awoke to find Caesar standing upon me, devouring my new straw hat.

King Norsworthy, Prophet.



"TWO YEAR" GROUP

The "Two Year" Course not only offers a splendid inducement to teachers to prepare for teaching rather than for examinations, but it gives a broad basis concerning the practical problems of every day teaching.

Classmates

Within the halls of M. N. I.
Linger memories that shall not die,
Each passing year new faces brings
To take the place of past have-beens.

The charms and grace of Classes "A", "B",
On '15 roll stand out distinctly,
None can say in years to come,
They lacked any of frolic and fun.

Class "A's" sought the campus ground
And there at classtime were they found,
A luckless, carefree bunch to see,
Everyone thought, but the faculty.

The "B's" haunts, as one might guess
Were where each day they wrote a test.
The class room's coolest place they sought,
To get well disciplined and taught.

Untiring in their highest aim,
To excel in work the same;

Filling note books on days of grace
Cramming, studying, floundering in haste.

Ditching class, a poor excuse—
Bluffing teachers by a ruse,
None of these the "Two Years" try
Though temptation's often nigh.

But ever kind, loyal and true,
Sincere in work—both old and new,
Together plodding toward the goal—
Success spells on life's honor roll.

So all, we hope, in years to come,
Will climb the ladder's highest round,
And standing at the top-most place
Eclipse all others in life's race.

"Success, then, to you attend
And happiness with all things blend."
We laud and praise you to the sky,
Oh! Flower, Oh! Prize of M. N. I.

—K. Carlos.

Some of Our Friends

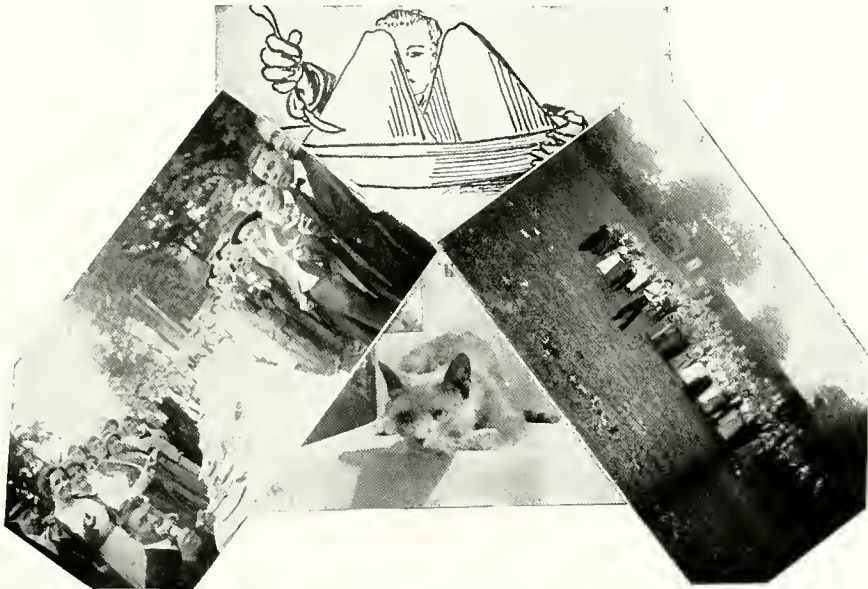
The City Girl.....	Irma Ohl
The Stylish Girl.....	Althea Swihart
The Musical Girl.....	Ruth Wentzel
The Big-hearted Girl.....	Mary Belle Clark
The Giggley Girl.....	Flossie Money
The Care-free Girl.....	Evelyn Smith
The Jolly Girl.....	Evelyn Hayes
The Dramatic Girl.....	Elsie Williford
The Studious Girl.....	Eunice Vickery
The Helpful Girl.....	Ruth Ford
The Brilliant Girl.....	Verna Light
The Precise Girl.....	Marie Snapp
The Lovesick Girl.....	Reva Shepard
The Spiteful Girl.....	Mamie Hollingsworth
The Fattest Girl.....	Ethel McCool
The Smallest Girl.....	Bernice Hunter

Jokes

Mr. Cartwright, hiding behind a double dish of ice cream, at picnic, was known to say to Mr. Park (who was dishing ice cream): "I'll help you dish ice cream, when I get this eaten."

'Twas at McClellans' first they met,
That Romeo and Juliet;
'Twas there he ran into debt,
For Rom-e-owed what Jul-i-et.

Manager of McCulloch Park to Mr. Park at picnic: "Mr. Park, I wish you would keep the college girls out of the colored division of the park."



KODAK PICTURES

A more jovial enthusiastic or patriotic group is not to be found in this Institution than those who took part in the Class "A", "B" and "Two Year" picnic held at McCulloch Park. It rained, yes, but nevertheless a hundred and seventy-seven took part in the evening's enjoyment.

Our Dear Class

We are the members of Class "A",
Who to this school have come,
And ever since our bunch arrived
Things have been on the hum.

The faculty treats us quite well,
As is of course, the rule,
So thus we feel established now
As part of this grand school.

The other students of the school,
Have been real kind to us,
So just as long as things go well,
We have no room to fuss.

We are the pedagogues to be
And thence our course pursue,
So don't think we're here just for fun,
And thus our aim construe.

Of course we have some fun, at least
In Miss King's grammar class,
But such as we enjoy with her
Will hurt no lad or lass.

Among our extra brilliant ones,
King Norsworthy shines out;
And if we missed our Harvey dear,—
We wouldn't be devout.

So let the wise in peace sleep on,
The foolish do the same,
And we'll not speak of any more
Or mention them by name.

We don't belong to cliques and clans
That infest dear M. N. 1.
Like some of the poor "ginks" we know,
Who feel away up high.

Some have to have a goat to ride,
In order to get through,
Suppose some one would "get their goat,"
What do you think they'd do?

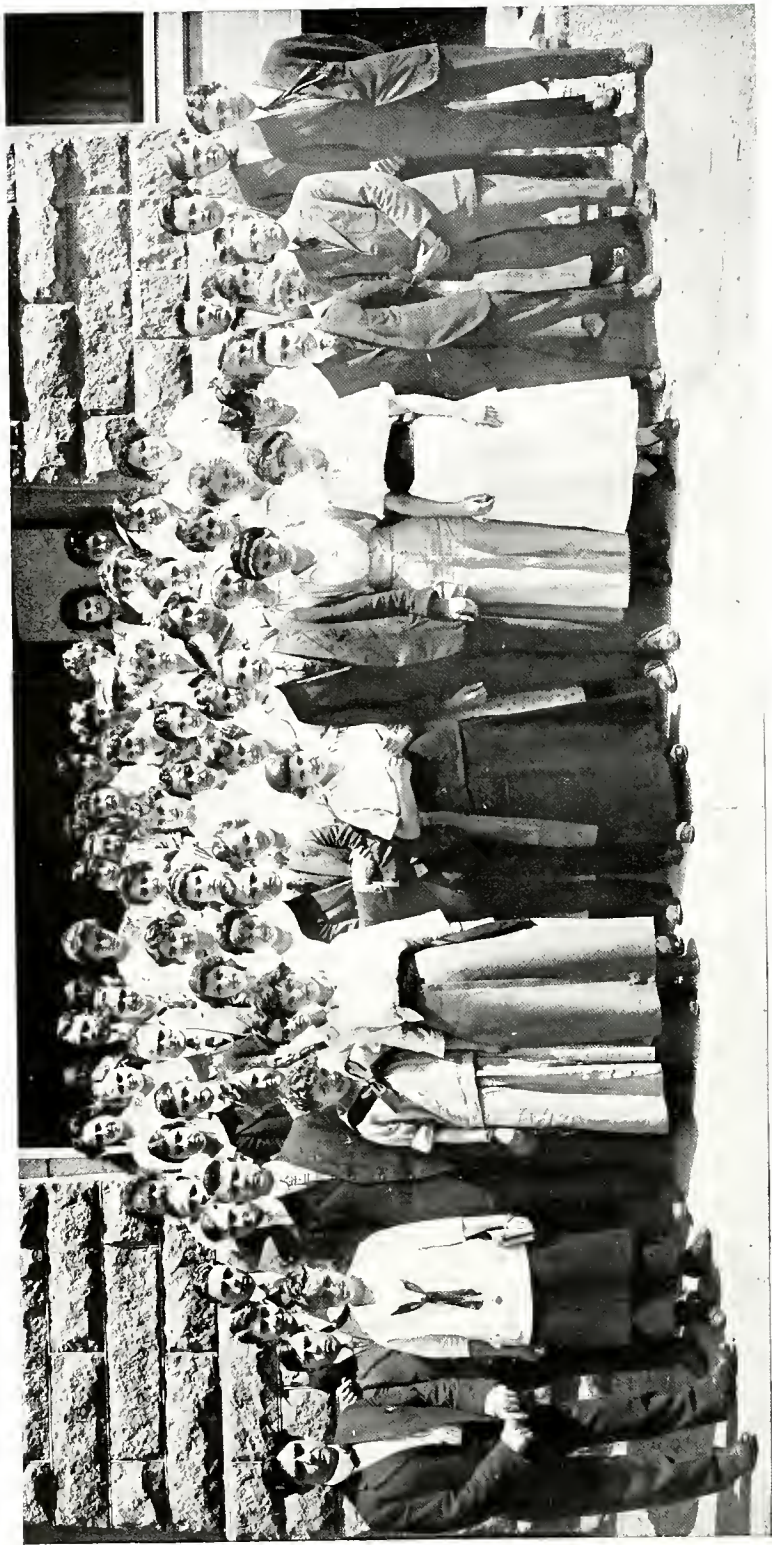
So give four cheers for what we are,
And for just what we say:
Hurray, Hurrah, Hurray, hurrah,
In memory of Class "A."

—John W. Linn.



MUSIC





THE STUDENTS OF THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT AND THE CHORAL SOCIETY

Editorial



It is not necessary to emphasize the power and influence of music in the home and in the school. Its value is universally appreciated.

"Music comes from the feelings more than from the reason," so says one of our greatest authorities on the art; it is an expression of the emotions, prompted by experience. Music, the subtlest of the arts, demands more than elaborate designs and the prompting of ambition. It is an expression of the inner life of the composer.

The history of a nation is portrayed, largely, through the sentiment of its songs. Good songs are not simply good poetry set to music, as so many seem to think, but the music of the song tells its own emotional story and is aided in expression by words expressing the same feeling.

One of the good illustrations of such songs is the resurrected "Silver Threads Among the Gold;" it is so alive with feeling in both music and words, that it did not "rest innocuous desuetude" as Grover Cleveland said, but still exhales that mysterious heart touch that gets into some songs.

In direct contrast to this most beautiful song, comes "Bob Up Serenely," a wild two-step that stirs the blood of the meekest of beings. Then another and one of the best uses of the art of song, is the church choir; not a paid quartet, but the chorus choir, used in the smaller towns and cities. It is often the means of holding the interest of the young people to the better things in life, simply because they must express their better feelings and have not reached the stage where they are content to listen to sermons. For them, music is worship and is their only way of expressing it. The great temple of Solomon had a choir, consisting of twenty-five thousand singers, divided into twelve choirs—one for each month, of two thousand each; and these were subdivided into four smaller ones, one for each week, of five hundred each. The chorus has many advantages over any other form of church music; one may have anything from an Aria to the Hallelujah Chorus—music from Handel and Hayden are all possible. Wagner says, "It was the spirit of Christianity which animated anew the soul of music." Many there are who can take a part in a chorus who cannot, in any other way, express themselves,—they have never had the advantage of taking instrumental music, or of vocal lessons, but have an inherent love of music and find a solace in the church choir.

Now just a word on instrumental music. A child must learn music just as it does a language: naturally and without too much rule. Accustom the pupil to different keys early in the stages of practice; so many instruction books use the G clef alone for so long a time, that when he comes face to face with the bass clef, the foundations of the world are shaken. Bring the bass clef into play at the earliest possible instance.

A sense of absolute pitch in a child is a good indication of the musical sense, but not of a musical genius. Some prominent musicians do not possess it at all, while many mediocre ones do.

Relative pitch is another matter and should be cultivated as early as possible. This means identifying of any tone, after some other tone has

been sounded and named, as a clue. It is a science of intervals. This is an essential part of Public School Music and is a vital part of any school curriculum. This study is called "solfeggio."

Vocal instruction in the Public School Music is not necessary, but the solfeggio part is valuable to every student. We must read music as we read our grammar, or any other study; without hearing the sounds. Solfeggio is the first step towards this desideratum.

Singing is of great help to the pianist. Any method that takes up the two clefs in the early stages and does not cling too closely to the key of C, is good. But no method is good without a good teacher. Only he, who can demonstrate every possibility, is a good teacher. The sympathetic bond between pupil and teacher must never be lost sight of; it is a most important factor.

Another thing,—the juvenile recitals are injurious to the pupil. They dwarf the growth. Rubenstein's mother was wise in refusing to allow the boy to give concerts, in spite of their need of the money. Josef Hofmann was the greatest child prodigy ever heard in music, but failed to become the wonder he was expected to become, in later years. Richard Strauss is still the foremost living composer, though not what we expected of Hofmann.

This is the age of scientific pedagogy. "Education" is derived from the Latin "educio" meaning "to bring out," and it is the aim of every teacher to elicit all they can from the pupil that he naturally has instead of trying to hammer in. Of course it was not always so. Hayden, Beethoven and Paganinni suffered many severe punishments for the slightest mistakes. But music is being composed for children today, by Bizet, Rheinberger, Schumann and others that will enable the youngest student to play and comprehend.

The time is at hand when music has its rightful place in the education of our children and only those who are well qualified in the reading and execution of it may be able to procure positions in our schools and colleges.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by the concord of sweet sound -
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted,"
Said Lorenzo."

—Shakespeare, "Merchant of Venice," Act V. Scene 1.





ESTA HARRIS

OSA WOODRING

ELLA TROUT

CARRIE C. HAZLITT

LUCILLE BRUNNER



BERNEICE VANNETTER

HENRIETTA SMITH

MRS. MYRTLE RULEY

EDITH RAWLINGS

HELEN LORTON



KATHLEEN FITZPATRICK

EVA JACKSON

MARTHA JONES

VIVIAN REED

PAUL BUNSOLD



FLORENCE MORROW

RALPH KIRCHNER

EDITH BENGE

The Music Department

It can well be said of this Department, that the progress has been far greater the past year than ever before. The success thus far attained is largely due to the great efforts of Prof. H. C. Gast, Dean of Music, and his excellent assistants.

Prof. Gast has been honored by being re-elected Chairman of Executive Committee of the State Teachers' Association. This is a very responsible position. One of the duties is that of making out the musical program for the State Association. His enthusiasm and the quality of his work speak most highly of his sterling ability as a director.

Mrs. Laura Craig Poland, head of Piano Department, is an artist whose services are in demand in concert. She is a post-graduate in the Artists' Course from The College of Liberal Arts under Oliver Willard Pierce, Indianapolis. The graduation recitals by her pupils are always looked forward to by the musical public of Muncie, as a great treat.

Miss Bertha Burton, Instructor of Piano, has been with the College for the past three years. She is a teacher with great tact and is very successful with beginning pupils; she gives promise of becoming the leading teacher in this community.

Mr. Robert Peters, Teacher of Violin, is a young artist with a very promising future. He is a graduate under Ferdinand Schaffer. His pupils are doing very excellent work and their playing is very pleasing.

The Choral Society

ONE of the popular organizations of the season was a Choral Society, composed of students from the Normal Department and Music Supervisors. Work of several old masters were studied and were enjoyed very much by all members. The Society rendered the following program, which drew forth great praise by the music lovers of the city:

MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL

By Muncie Normal Choral Society, Girls Glee
Club and Orchestra

Tuesday Evening, May 25, 1915

H. C. Gast, Director

Hungarian Dance No. 5.....Brahms
Salut d'Amour.....Eduard Elgar, Op. 12
Pizzicato Polka.....Strauss
Nocturne.....F. Chopin

"A Morning in Noah's Ark"

Humorous Phantasy in four scenes.

Scene 1. Allegro.

Scene 2. Andante.

Scene 3. Allegro—Allegretto.

Scene 4. Elephant and Monkey Dance.

INTERMISSION

Gloria (XII Mass).....Mozart
Gypsies Chorus (Bohemian Girl).....Balfe
Chorus

At Dawning

Flute Solo, Pedro Ramirez

Lullaby

(a) List! the Cherubic Host
Special Girls Chorus

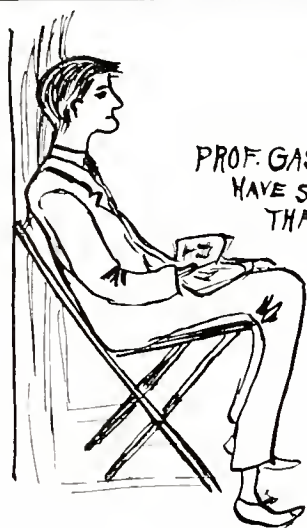
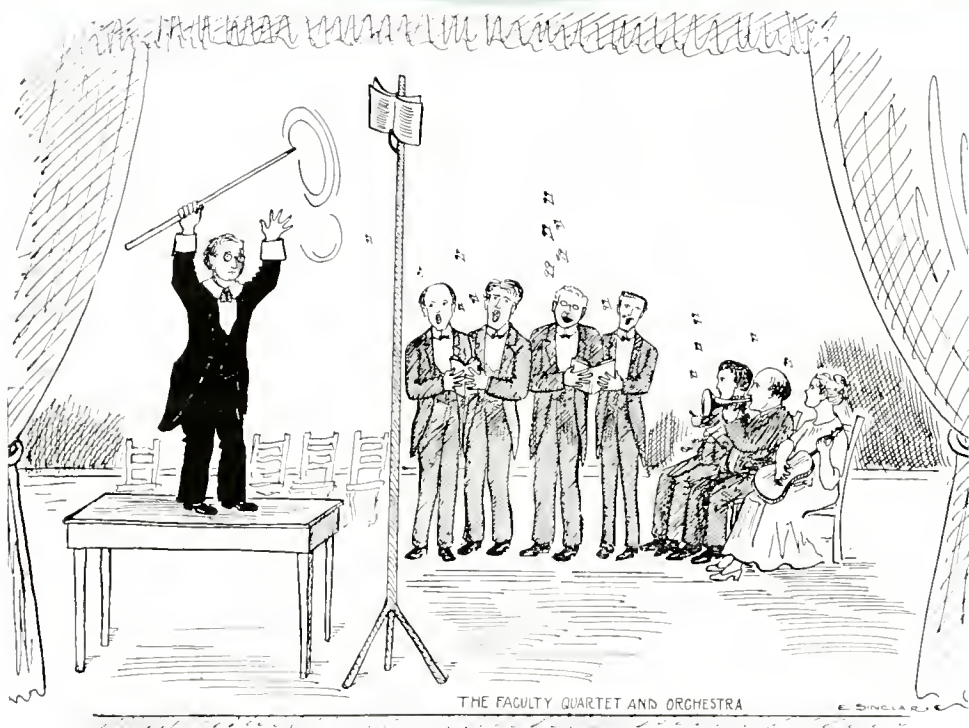
(b) I Heard the Voice of Harpers.....Gaul
Ralph Kirchner and Girls Chorus

Whistling Solo.....Selected
Mr. Loring Burton

Summer Now Hath Come Among Us
Girls Chorus

Heaven and Earth Display.....Mendelssohn
Full Chorus





MUSIC CLASS

PROF. GAST—MR HANN, I WILL HAVE TO
HAVE SOME RUBBER TIPS PUT ON
THAT CHAIR TO KEEP IT
FROM SLIPPING

A LITTLE LATER

MR. HANN—JUST GET ONE FOR
MY HEAD.



ART





One of the Art Classes in which the students are delving into the study of design with a relish that will last and grow, and even lead them on to see and to understand more of the beauties of nature and the great design of all things of beauty.

Editorial



THE Art Department of the Muncie Normal Institute though perhaps not known as the largest department in our school, ranks very high in importance and is rapidly coming to be one of the large departments as is shown by the fact that an additional Art Instructor is necessary during the summer term of the present year.

The work is carried on under the efficient direction of Miss Eva Sinclair, who is a graduate of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., and her able assistant, Miss Magdalene Butcher, a graduate of the Chicago School of Applied and Normal Art.

The Art Department is assuredly the busiest and most congenial department that we have in school. The standard of work is the very highest and we are sure that all the students make a noticeable effort to maintain this high standard of work. One has only to look at the art work often on exhibition in the art room, on the walls and in the cases, to know that this is true. The lines of craft work are leather, tooling, basketry, pottery, stenciling, weaving, and bookbinding, and include drawing, painting and clay modeling.

Nor was this high degree of excellence obtained at one stride. It represents the results of a slow but steady growth toward the high ideals patiently held before the students. The aim is to present the study of art in high governing principles which can be developed in such a way to equip the student at the end of his Art Course not only with a knowledge of the underlying principles of art and beauty found in all material things in the world about him but to give him a better appreciation of the good work of past ages and a fuller understanding of art in its relation to his own life.

Art is a universal language. It is more forcible than any of the higher arts cultivated by nations with the exception of music. The two, art and music, walk hand in hand, being the deepest expressions of the nobler and higher ideals that touch and move human hearts.

Those who remember the work in Art which was first done in the M. N. I. tell you that the Art Department was very small at the beginning, having a very few students and only a small room in which to work, however, under the guidance and perservance of our splendid teacher, the Art Department grew, both in numbers and interest, became too large for its room and moved twice into a still larger room and now occupies a large, well-lighted room on the second floor at the east end of the building. The number of students has increased at a rapid rate. During the past school year there has been a total enrollment of four hundred and fifty-two in the Art Classes. We hope that in the future our department will still continue its good work and show as much advancement as previously.

Lucille Brunner, Associate Editor.



LUCILLE BRUNNER

"True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes."

EDITH BENGE

"We gazed and gazed, and still the wonder grew, that one small head could hold so many questions."

ESTA HARRIS

"Give what you have to someone, it may be better than you think."

FLORENCE MORROW

"Luck is a very good word if you put a 'p' before it."

ETHEL BARNETT

"With enemies unknown and friends by the score,
We shall remember her forever and evermore."

MARCELLA GORTON

"Life without laughter would be a dreary blank."

CLARA PIERCE

"If you have knowledge, let others light their candles by it."



The Psalm of Art

Tell me not with long drawn faces,
Art is but an empty dream,
For the Art Class does not slumber
And things are really what they seem.

Art is real, Art is earnest,
And the fire is not its goal,
Paper thou art, to ash thou burnest,
Cannot be spoken of its soul.

It's not singing and not talking,
That's our business for the day,
But to work so that tomorrow
Finds us wiser than today.

Art is beauty; Time is useful,
And with weapons, clean and neat,
We our conquest carry forward,
And we know no word "retreat."

In the M. N. I. of Muncie,
In the Art Department there,
We're not like dumb driven cattle,
For we paint the pictures fair.

Let us then be up and weaving,
On a basket for our mate,
Still a-tooling, still a-painting,
Waiting for some news from Fate.
—F. T. Park.

Jokes

Mr. Kepner: "I love you so much Miss Spivey."
Miss Spivey: "Tell me something I don't know."

※ ※ ※

Miss Butcher (calling roll): "Mr. Bishop?"
Mr. Bishop: "Present."
Miss Butcher: "Is it Miss or Mr?"

※ ※ ※

Bishop and Whetzel are preparing to enter business. They have supplied themselves with blotters for advertising matter.

※ ※ ※

6:50 class in leather tooling:

Miss McNoun: "Is it all right to use two different designs on one purse?"

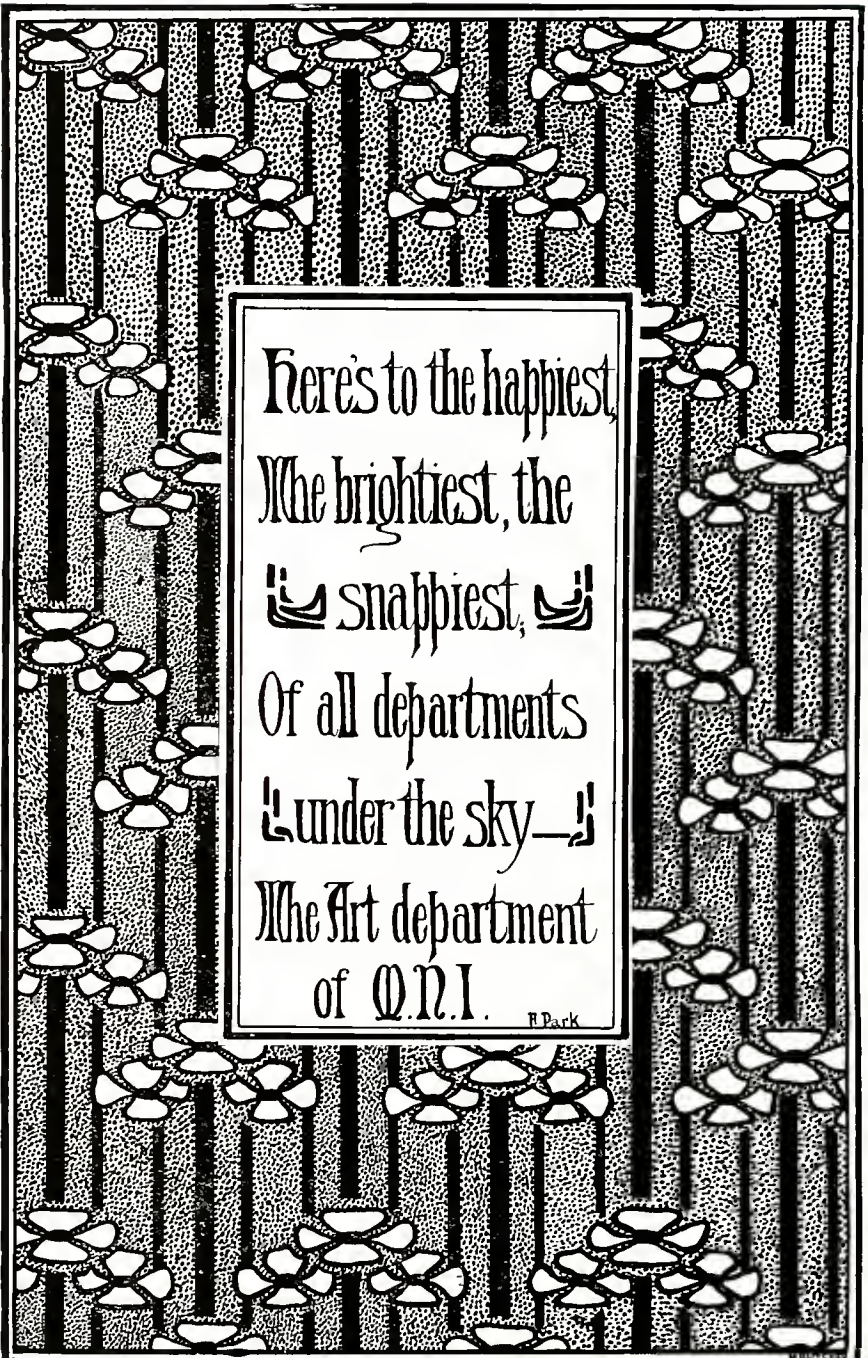
Miss Sinclair: "No, don't do that, just use the one."

Miss McNoun: "Why Mr. Park has used two different designs on the purse he is tooling!"

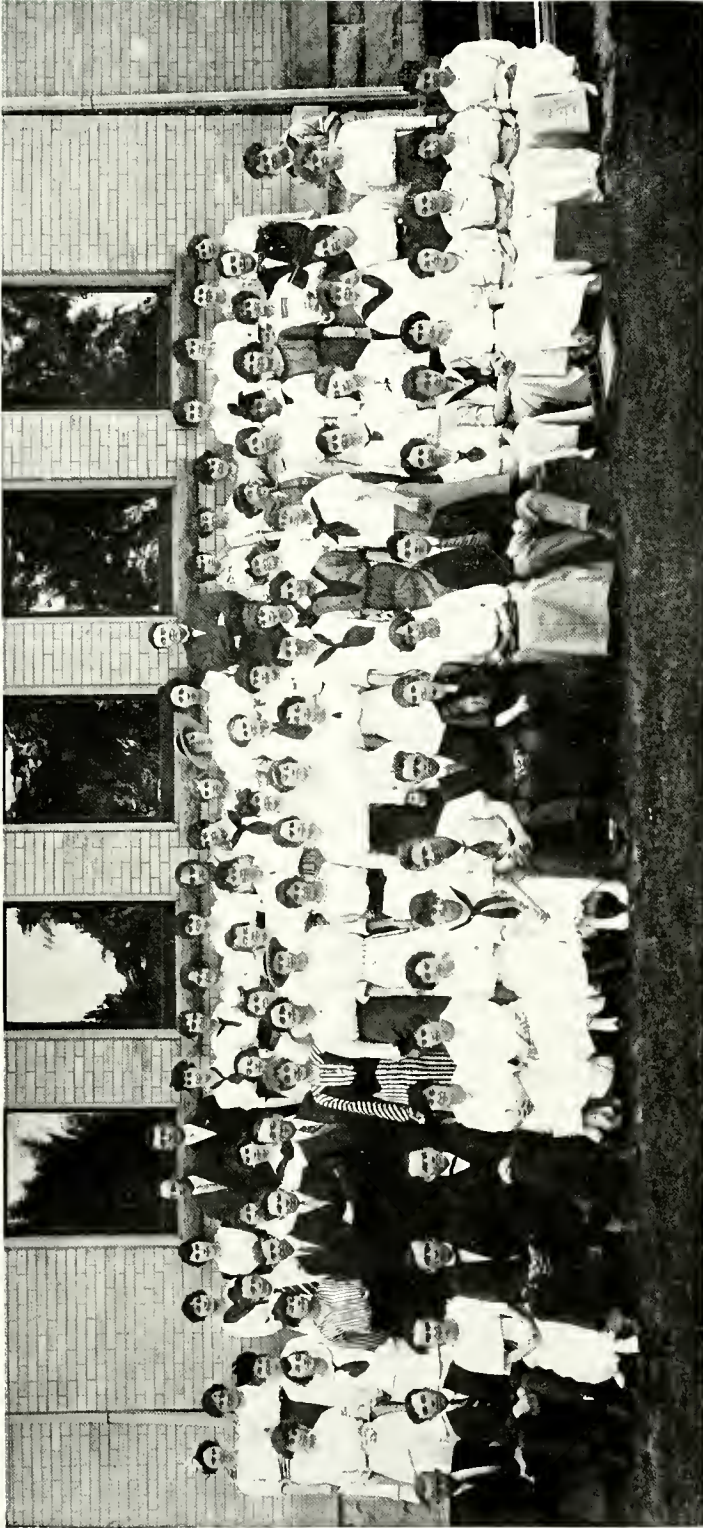
Miss Sinclair: "Well, he didn't know any better."

※ ※ ※

Time 4:30 Wed. Eve. Frank Park seen talking to a girl for the first time and from the way his knees shook it was difficult to tell whether he was nervous or just trying the latest dance. Later in the evening he was seen with the same girl getting on a Westside car. We don't know where he was going but heard him ask for transfers to the Whitely car. In changing cars he was either dizzy-headed from his first ride on the city cars or nervous over his first date for he put the wrong girl on the Whitely car and left the other one standing on the street in front of Rowlett's Department Store to look at the "pretties" in the window.



Here's to the happiest,
The brightest, the
! snappiest, !
Of all departments
! under the sky—!
The Art department
of M.N.I. R. Park



An interesting group of Art Students who are learning that "To know is to appreciate,
to appreciate is to love, and to love is to live."

The Art Picnic

ON the beautiful evening of July 13, 1915, which was a very unlucky day for those who do not belong to the Art Department, the teachers and students of the Art Department gave one of the finest "spreads" at McCulloch Park that the eyes of modern man has ever looked upon.

When the feast was spread, it was with great difficulty that the students were persuaded to refrain from partaking long enough to have Miss Sinclair and Mr. Bishop take snap shots of the bounties and their destroyers.

When supper was announced all the members of the department turned traitor to the cause for which they stand and instead of making beautiful pictures they all set to destroy a beautiful picture which the table presented. This picture had been made possible by the efficient work of the committee in charge.

For lack of forethought they began eating in a standing position but after eating so long, as has been said before, "Necessity is the mother of invention," and they invented a way of sitting down. This was done by means of those who were yet able to carry seats, carrying them for the helpless and themselves.

The first course over and the table cleared, Mr. Bishop showed his ability as a spooner (of ice cream) because he used a spoon in the absence of a dipper, and the guests were served with ice cream. They were all very modest at this part of the supper, eating on an average of five dishes of cream apiece. But as usual Mr. Cartwright "took the belt" although Miss Trout ate till she was sick trying to outdo him in the contest.

Along with the eats went the witty sayings such as only the Art Department can produce and the motto of the occasion was, "laugh and the world laughs with you, WEEP and you weep alone." This picnic, the like of which can never again be produced, will long be a pleasant memory in the minds of those present.

Rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah,
Art Department!

—F. T. P.

Of all the boys I meet in school,
Especially in Art,
There's one that does appeal to me
And that slim boy is "Cart."

Now "Cartie" is the swellest boy
The neatest boy in town,
But when you see him lose his joy,
His Art has pulled him down.

He wields the pen, he smears the paint,
His hand is very true.
But when he hears a voice so faint,
There's no more "art" to "do."

Then Cartwright lays aside his paint,
And puts away the scroll,
For near him stands a girl so quaint,
Who wants to take a "stroll."

For strolling is his highest aim,
The goal of all his study,
He soon will major in the game.
Then stroll with everybody.

—M. E. Needlew





THE Penmanship Department is recognized not only in this part of the state, but in all parts of the state, and in fact in every state of the Union. The students from this department are now teaching penmanship in many good schools. If we had space we would give names of a very large number who are making good along the penmanship lines, such as business writers, card writing, engraving and as special teachers.

We have in this department one of the best known penmen in the states, and is recognized by every great penman of the United States. He is an up-to-date man in teaching pedagogically all lines of penmanship from the start to the finished product. He has in this Annual a portrait, life size, of Mr. Kelly, which was made with a pen freehand without print or any instrument for measurement other than the well trained eye of his. The picture is valued at \$200.

There are a number of classes each day where rapid muscular movement writing is taught, in the most practical up-to-date method. A great number of students come to this school in preference to others on account of superior advantages they get in learning the most practical style of business penmanship and getting methods of teaching it.

There is nothing I value higher than the training I received in this institution in the penmanship lines. My testimony is the testimony of hundreds of others. Anyone finishing any branch of the work, such as business writing, will receive a certificate, and on finishing two or more lines of the penmanship work, such as lettering or engrossing, will receive a diploma.

Waller Glentzer.



A group of students in the penmanship department



Special penmanship room. Students at work



From a free-hand pen sketch of President Kelly, by Prof. E. D. Clark. This gives only an idea of the remarkable skill with the pen displayed in the original picture.

Pen Points

Marie Holdren to Mr. Mercer: "I don't see how you whistle through your fingers that way. I could never do it in the world."

Mr. Mercer (wishing to compliment her delicate little hands): "No, Miss Holdren; if you should try it your whole hand would slip into your mouth."

✻ ✻ ✻

In Oratory Class, selection from "Ben Hur," Mrs. Hogan to Mr. Hodson: "Mr. Hodson you didn't hold (Hur) her long enough."

✻ ✻ ✻

At the Domestic candy fair: "Why won't you buy some candy at my table?"

Prof. Quear: "Because I only buy from the homely girls, they have a harder time making sales." She was not offended and he worked this right down the line.

✻ ✻ ✻

In Prof. Taylor's Geography Class: "What is Rhode Island celebrated for?"

Elmer Huffer: "Rhode Island is celebrated for being the only one of the United States that is the smallest."

✻ ✻ ✻

President Kelley to a student accused of a misdemeanor: "Haven't you been before me before?"

"No, y'r honor, I never saw but one face that looked like yours an' that was a photograph of an Irish king."

"Here, Dean, sign his excuse."

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The Whittier school has on exhibition a map of Italy, made by a pupil, seven feet long and five feet wide.

✻ ✻ ✻

Prof. Summers met a little girl in the street who was crying very pathetically, she confided to him that she had lost a penny. Search for the missing treasure proved useless so Mr. Summers produced another and gave it to her. "Oh," uttered the child in shocked accents, "and did you have it all the time?"

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Tell Prof. Steward there are 270,169,325.-481 stars, and no doubt he'll believe you, but if he sees a sign "fresh paint" he'll very likely have to make a personal investigation.

✻ ✻ ✻

A German captain in a dangerous engagement, in fact almost hopeless, said cheerfully to his men: "My brave fellows, fight like heroes till your ammunition's gone, then run for your lives. I've got a sore foot so I'll start now. Auf Wieder-sehn."

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Mr. Chas. Farmer wore a rose on his coat lapel, the other evening to see Miss Abshire. They were alone in the parlor and silence had reigned for some time when Lucille said: "Charley! I'll give you a kiss for that rose."

After a little hesitation on Charles part the exchange was made, where upon he grabbed his hat and bolted for the door. "Why, where are you going Charles" she asked in a surprised tone.

"To the florists for more roses," was the hasty reply.

✻ ✻ ✻

First College Fellow: "Watson is quite a magician."

Second College Fellow: "That so?"

First College Fellow: "Yep. I just saw him turn his bicycle into a lamp post."





AGRICULTURE

Editorial

ONE day a farmer—no difference as to his habitat, as the incident is typical of a large class of so-called farmers—went to the Muncie fair while his hard-working wife remained at home to see that the farm suffered no loss during his absence. Just about dark he returned home, and, coming to the porch where his wife was taking a little quiet rest, introduced the following conversation:

"I'm about tired out, Sallie. Is the cows in the barn?" "Yes, long since," replied his wife.

"Is the hesses unharnessed and fed?" he asked. "Yes."

"Fowls locked up?" "Yes."

"Wood chopped fer mornin'?" "Yes."

"Be them chickens picked an' dressed for market?" "Yes."

"Wagon greased and ready to start in the mornin'?" "Yes."

"Wa'all, then," he concluded, as he stretched himself with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper, Sallie, an' I'll go to bed. Farmin' is beginnain' to tell on me."

This man was NOT a farmer in the modern sense of the word, but a nondescript "Parasite" drudging his life out on the farm. His wife was the farmer, and perhaps the nobility of her character blossomed there, in the environment of Nature's beauties and products as it could not have done under any other surroundings, though touched and veneered with all the polish at the command of opulence.

Farming as a science and as a business—a vocation commanding the respect and esteem of mankind—is a recent occupation from the historian's viewpoint. The first real experiment station was established within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, about 1846. Since that time, no other business,—perhaps "profession", is not now amiss—has made such strides. And such institutions as the Muncie Normal Institute have had much to do in bringing this about.

Booker T. Washington says: "Every day, weather permitting, I go into my garden or perhaps a nearby field and delve into the soil with a hoe or spade, just to remind myself that I am still on God's green earth, and that I owe my living and subsistence to her bountiful generosity." So, if the object of education is to "bring man nearer to God," a man cannot omit from his curriculum a Course in Agriculture, and presume that he is "educated."

Personally, we like the independence of farm life. The farmer is the real producer. He is free to express his opinion on all subjects at all times. He is not courting trade or clients or patients. His wife can be friendly or snub at will all who come her way without fear of the uncomfortable feeling that she has scared away a probable customer. Then they both know the source of the food necessary to sustain physical life,—know it first hand,—and can feel that only the best of Nature's store is handed out to them,—a satisfaction than which there is none equal.

"There are better ways of doin' things,
If people did but know.
And so 'tis little 'helps' we need,
As through this world we go.

If you have unsurpassed success,
Why, tell your brothers so,
Don't hesitate to make it known,
'Tis what they want to know."



SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE PEDAGOGS



THE SPAN OF THE CENTURIES

Agricultural Department M. N. I.



S in every other line it offers, the Muncie Normal Institute may well boast of its Department of Agriculture.

Owning nearly 160 acres of land the Institute is enabled to offer practice as well as theory. On the broad acres owned by the Institute there are fields of waving grain and grazing cattle and horses.

One large field was sown last fall to wheat and alfalfa. The wheat has been cut and the alfalfa is in a flourishing condition. On a six-acre piece there is as fine a stand of Black Tartar oats as can be seen anywhere. One two-acre field of alfalfa shows the effect of lime and inoculation while adjoining is a striking example of the effect of acid soil upon alfalfa. Ten acres of corn, one-half planted with tested seed and the other untested proves the value of seed corn testing. Two one-half acre plots of rye, sown with selected seed, one piece with strong, large and plump seeds and the other with small, weak seed show at a glance how it pays to fan and grade, as well as select the seed.

The fertility experimental plots, over forty in number, not only furnish striking examples of what happens when soil is lacking in certain elements and how the plants respond to fertilizers, but furnish also many opportunities for the classes in crops and soil studies.

Adjoining the Institute grounds is the up-to-date and beautiful Shick Dairy Farm, stocked with some of the finest Jerseys and Holsteins in the state. Through a working agreement the Agriculture Classes take frequent trips to this dairy for milk testing, cattle feeding and stock judging.

The Institute owns a number of small orchards and in these there is an opportunity for studying first hand Horticulture. On the campus the classes in Horticulture have started an orchard consisting of apple, peach and pear trees, berry bushes, etc. The apple trees are of the smaller varieties and have been set thirty-five feet apart. The peach trees are set as "fillers" halfway between the apple trees. Currant and gooseberry bushes are set in the apple and peach rows so that they do not interfere with cultivation of the orchard.

On the dormitory grounds there is maintained a large garden, under student control.

In the city is located an up-to-date Veterinary Hospital of Drs. Boor and Dobson. Here, through the interest, kindness and courtesy of these able men, the students are instructed in the technicalities of animal judging, diseases and anatomy.

Around Muncie are many large, well stocked and scientifically managed stock, grain, dairy and fruit farms; and to these and the large factories there are frequent excursions by groups of students.

The work indoors consists of laboratory and lecture work; charts and lantern slide lectures, and the scoring and judging of grains.

The laboratory work in soils is directed so as to make students acquainted with the physical properties of a number of the common soils of this and nearby localities. Soil texture and soil structure are studied, the effects of drainage, and the use of fertilizers, manures, and soil amendments are also studied, both in the laboratory and upon the plots of the farm and upon the farms of the locality.

In field crops the great cereal crops are taken up as a class. The important individuals, corn, wheat, oats and rye are given careful detailed study as to growing, harvesting and the disposition of each crop. Forage and root crops are treated in the same way.

Such attention to farm economics is given as will lead to the study of such problems as the laying out of a farm for a successful crop rotation, for economical cultivation, and for the highest efficiency in every effort put forth and every work undertaken. The farm is studied as a home for men and women, and where children grow up in culture and refinement, as well as a place where crops grow.



When I Had The Mumps

(Respectfully dedicated to Howard Higgins.)

Tonight as I sat at the table
My head tied up in a cloth
I longed for food more substantial,
Than a little weakened broth.

They passed to me the meat plate
With smiles so sweet and kind
They tell me to help myself
To whatever I can find.

At first I felt sort of backward
But lest they would think I was shy
I tried to eat a small piece,
But the thought of it now makes me cry.

When I tried to open my mouth
To put the bite within
The hinge that is in my jaw
Worked like a piece of rusty tin.

With a howl that set them all laughing
I grabbed my jaw with my hand
And the way I did those waltzes
It surely must have been grand.

I then went back to the table
And with a weary sigh
I thought I'd try the sauer kraut,
Standing in a dish nearby.

Handing my plate to my brother
Who was sitting there close by
I said I would eat that sauer kraut
Or in the attempt I'd die .

Taking my spoon in my hand
With an air that would stand no defeat
I forced the stuff down my throat,
And my victory was complete.

I then thought I'd tackle the Murphies
It took all the nerve I could gain
But, I was bound I'd finish my supper
So I went at it again.

I took up the food placed before me
With a feeling something like dread
My jaws refused flatly to open
St. Peter please don't record what I said,

With a look at the things on the table
And a look at the folks sitting there,
I knew unless something was doing
I never would get my share.

As I sat there in hunger and anguish
Knowing not what to do
I at last spied my cup of coffee
My good friend so true.

Now I was desperately hungry
And seized it eagerly,
Like a drowning rat that can't swim
In the middle of the sea.

I raised the cup up to my lips
And with an effort mighty and strong
I got the bloomin' stuff down me
After a time so long.

I say this havin' the mumps
Ain't what it's cracked up to be
If you don't believe what I say
Try it yourself and see.

Short Stories and a Few "Grouch Tonics"



"Now, gentlemen, the distance between the vertebrae indicates—"



"Now, ladies and gentlemen, through six thousand years cereals have developed from—"

THE OLD MAN'S ADVICE

Listen Daughter: Whenever a town girl gets too proud to marry a man with 100 acres of land and 20 red pigs, just because he wears jeans and can't tell tango from a sloe gin ricky, you can set it down that she will either die an old maid or marry a \$6 a week clerk with a head full of ozone and only one change of hole proofs. We would rather see you hooked up to some fellow that wears 49-cent overalls and knows when to hit the top of the market than to be yoked to some Cuthbert who plays the mandolin, smokes Turkish cigarettes and lives off his father's pension.

—Selected.

✻ ✻ ✻

MY TREASURY

The eggs my hens do lay each day, Are as a heap of coins to me;
I count them every one apart, My Treasury, my Treasury—

Each egg four cents—four cents in cash—To fill a purse long since wrung dry,
I count each egg within each nest, And pray the price keep high.

O, pullets dear that cluck and lay! O, fat old hens with yellow legs!

I stroke your plumes, barred, white and gray, And sell your eggs, dear hens—and sell your eggs.

✻ ✻ ✻

THE FARMER'S RESOURCEFULNESS

Farmers, who have lost their crops in the recent floods, while hit hard, have a chance to get even. Plant turnips; they make fine horseradish, apple butter, peach preserves, etc.

✻ ✻ ✻

"A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR"

is one who makes two grins grow where a grouch grew before."—Elbert Hubbard.

✻ ✻ ✻

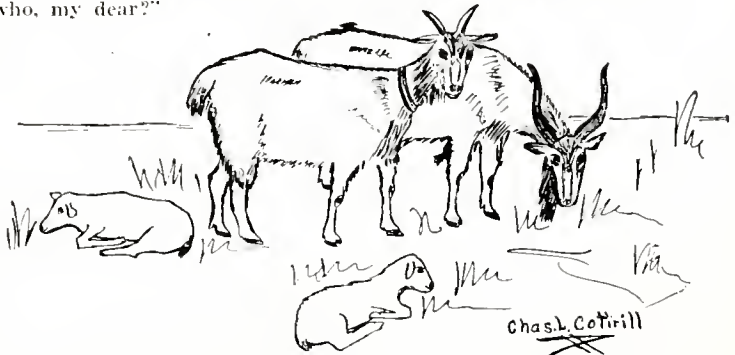
Little girl: "Papa, Our ther says that it was 80 degrees in the shade today."

Papa: "Arthur who, my dear?"

Little G.: "Why don't you know? Our ther.—Our thermometer."

✻ ✻ ✻

"Are you an agronomist?" asked Prof. Stewart of Bishop.
"No, sir-ree. I'm a Baptist, a Democrat, a free Mason, a gentleman and a farmer. I never heard of any agronomists out our way."



The old folks and the kids; essential labor-saving devices of the farm.



RAY O'DONNELL



Y. M. C. A.



SCHOOL is often judged largely by the societies it supports, as a man is by the society he keeps, since the societies tell to some extent the character of the students in the school.

The Muncie Normal Institute has encouraged and supported the Y. M. C. A. during the past year well, and many good meetings have been the result. Many a Tuesday night the boys have met and listened to an interesting address by some member of the faculty, or some citizen of Muncie. At other meetings we had quite heated discussions on subjects suggested by conditions in Normal City or the College, as playing pool or cards, dancing, etc. At still other meetings we had debates or special programs where good music and recitations were heard.

During the year two delegates were sent to the State Convention at Lafayette. Our President was sent to a meeting of College Y. M. C. A. Presidents at Richmond, and one delegate was sent to the Lake Geneva Conference. Each delegate gave an interesting report on his return.

The organization has done what it could to make the life of new students pleasant. At the opening of each term the members were divided into groups. Some were located at each depot to direct the incoming students, while others were busy in Normal City leading the way to rooming and boarding houses.

In the social life the Y. M. together with the Y. W., has been very active. At the opening of each term a reception has been given for the newcomers at which a program was given, followed by games of various kinds—to get the students acquainted and help them forget their homesickness.

To make a long story short the Y. M. through the work of the Presidents (Edward Pope, Howard Higgins and Lyman Hann) has done much to make College life pleasant and helpful. Whenever anything was needed some member of the Y. M. was ready to help and the year has been a success for the M. N. I. Y. M. C. A.



Y. W. C. A. Editorial



THE Young Women's Christian Association exists in about seventeen different nations and forms an important organization in about three hundred different schools in our own nation.

The Y. W. C. A. of the Muncie Normal Institute has as its aim SERVICE. It has aided new girls in finding friends and congenial homes.

We had as our guest during the month of May, Miss Pearson, who is our Field Secretary. She gave a very interesting and beneficial talk to all the girls of the school.

At our weekly meetings we have had some very interesting talks from different members of the faculty and from ministers of the different churches in Muncie.

The Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. have welcomed the new students by meeting them at trains and by giving them an informal reception.

We hope by next year to have greatly increased our membership and be more worthy each year of being called Y. W. C. A. members.

Louise Marie Hough.

The Mi-Nerv-Ian Literary and Debating Society



EARLY in the fall term a few students of the M. N. I. who were interested in literary and debating pursuits, gathered one afternoon to discuss the organization of a society for that purpose. They were indeed a very few at first and two or three meetings were held before anything definite was done.

Finally, however, officers were elected and a program arranged. The first regular meeting was a pronounced success, although on account of the inclement weather, our number was small. Encouraged by an inspiring address by the President of our school, we determined to make the organization a success.

The succeeding meetings justified our expectations. We not only had most interesting programs, but our membership and attendance increased, and the Literary Society became a popular organization.

It was not until after we had had several meetings that the committee appointed for the purpose could decide on a name. At last they chose the name "Mi-Nerv-Ian" for the "baby," as embodying both the profound wisdom(?) connected with it and the name of our school.

No doubt the greatest single element of success was our efficient Program Committee, headed by Mr. Hodson. In fact a great deal of the time the committee practically consisted of one member!

Perhaps the most interesting feature on our program was the debating. These debates were not models of English—neither did they always keep on the safe side of Rules of Order and Debating, but they at least gave the desired experience in public speaking, and at the same time proved very interesting to our audiences. We will not soon forget the impassioned eloquence of our friend Harding, or the fluent pleading of Mercer, or the staid, "parliamentary" dignity of Teter.

Another single event that made perhaps the biggest "hit" was the mock trial. Our honorable Mr. Mercer was brought to trial on the "infamous charge of trying to burn down the M. N. I." After legal "eloquence" unheard of on both sides, the jury returned the verdict of "Not Guilty."

We cannot forget in this short review of the organization the wonderful help of the students of the Oratory Department in making our programs interesting, nor the efforts of Mr. Norsworthy to supply us with music.

Last, but not least, we must mention the "College Sidesplitter," originated by Mr. Teter and furnishing us so much of wit and humor, as well as a condensed report of the doings around the school in the intervening times.

To sum up the work in general we would say that the "Minervian" has been in a very true sense beneficial and entertaining.

Lyman L. Hann.

ATHLETICS

EDWARD GILDEA.





SOME place in the musty pages of our Ancient History (or is it in the preface of a Latin pony?) we are told that Caesar in about the year 50 B. C. crossed the Rubicon and conquered all Italy. Our history professors tell us, that we should know a great deal about this mighty Caesar and his wonderful achievements. But we beg you to listen to an account of another Caesar who is thoroughly modern and in our opinions, is of more interest just at the present.

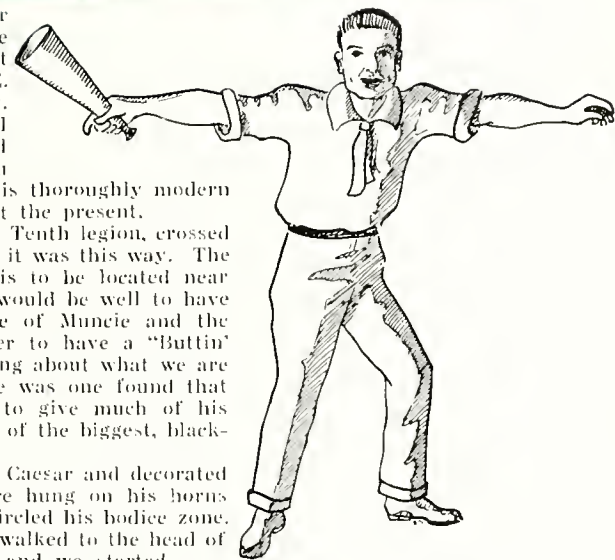
Not long ago this Caesar called together his Tenth legion, crossed the White River and "took in" Muncie. You see it was this way. The boosters of the Hotel Training School, which is to be located near and in connection with the college, thought it would be well to have a Button Selling Campaign and let the people of Muncie and the doing out here in Normal City. Now in order to have a "Buttin' surrounding parts of the country know something about what we are Parade" there had to be a goat to lead. There was one found that met all requirements exactly. I will not try to give much of his personal appearance, but will just say he is one of the biggest, blackest "butters" in existence.

Without formal ceremony he was surnamed Caesar and decorated for the coming parade. M. N. I. pennants were hung on his horns and a blanket from one of the departments encircled his bodice zone. When the parade was ready to start he proudly walked to the head of his tenth legion; marching orders were given and we started.

Back of the tenth legion was the band and then came the student body. If you do not like noise you should be thankful if you were not there, for when Bishop leads a yell everybody just opens up and does his best. Caesar led the parade through the main streets, and then he saw fit to take the bunch through every hotel in town. After this was done everyone was looking for new worlds to conquer so the picture shows became the next victims. Every picture theater was visited and at each, Yell Leader Bish-hopped upon the stage and—well you can hear the echoes yet in some of these theaters. However, as Caesar was so black, he did not show off as well in the dark picture shows as he thought he should, so he led the crowd to the "Star", Muncie's vaudeville house. Of course it was a shame to "butt in" and spoil the act, but Caesar was determined.

When we left town that night the people of Muncie were sure there was something going on over in West Side.

Caesar is still with us and figures in many of the escapades around the college. Recently he was away for a few days' vacation and several of the students thought someone had "got our goat," but he has returned now and you can find him grazing on the campus any time in the day.



The girls' basketball team is a new organization, which, under the direction of Miss Drummond, is giving some of the girls some excellent exercise.



COAL-BLACK GOAT MASCOT OF ALL M. N. I. STUDENTS

Caesar, as He Is Officially
Designated, Is the Hero
of the Place.

HE HAS FIGURED ALREADY
IN NUMEROUS ESCAPADES

Has Been Chased Out of More
Class Rooms Than Pro-
verbial "Bad Boy."

A goat, black as ink, sleepy-eyed and wearing a Josh Huckins beard, is at present the hero of the Muncie Normal Institute. He is named after one of the most brilliant figures in history, being known as Caesar to the entire student body and half the city as well.

Caesar became the official mascot of Muncie's normal school many weeks ago, and has figured in so many es-

capades since that time that the average student feels a strong impulse to remove his hat in Caesar's presence.

His Introduction to M. N. I.

When the button campaign for the benefit of the International Stewards' Training School was opened, Caesar was purchased by the students to head a big parade about the city streets. It was appropriate that Caesar, who had a long line of ancestors noted for their buttin' propensities, should be chosen to head the procession that ushered in the biggest campaign of the kind ever started in Muncie. Caesar conducted himself in admirable manner that evening.

For a time it seemed that he would be forced to retire into the state of the mediocre so often occupied by one-day heroes, but Caesar was original—so also was the large per cent of the student body.

Becomes College Mascot.

He became the mascot of the college and since that time has been allowed the freedom of the campus and the school rooms. He has attended class sessions in every subject taught in the building and has been "invited" out of more class rooms than the champion "bad boy" of the school.

He figured in one of the most exciting "student revolutions" ever begun at the college, being detailed to guard the rear side of a piano in the boarding house of the Rev. J. Walter Gibson one night following a "raid" on the home of a newly married couple at the college. Caesar acquitted himself in such a way that since that time he has had a marked preference for wood that has been carefully varnished.

For M. N. I. First and Last.

Caesar is very patriotic toward the Muncie Normal Institute and is willing to back it to the limit against any of the colleges in the land. While he is a goat of few words, he has very decided inclinations.

A reporter interviewed Caesar yesterday.

"What do you think of the other colleges of Indiana?" he was asked.

"Bah!" he said with a sudden shake of his head and a sudden forward movement that sent the inquisitor hurrying away on an almost forgotten mission.—Muncie Star.

Ode to Caesar

The Normal boys they bought a goat
They put their colors round his throat,
And as for harness, Oh! it's some class
For on it his name is written in brass.

A name they did provide for him
This name we'll chant in the following hymn,
It's Caesar, Caesar, Caesar dear,
Whom you'll always find a ling'ring near.

Yea Rogers! Yea Stradling! and Sauters,
Oh yes, 'twas well done for five dollars,
And you will hear a mournful sound
When our billy goat is put under the ground.

So we will sing a little song,
And it will not be very long,
It is: "Long live our Caesar goat,
With the black and orange around his throat."
—Waldo Schultz.



A Real Episode In Art



LINE of students were seen hurrying in all directions inside the Muncie Normal Institute, each wishing to get into his recitation room on time in order to escape having to call on the Dean for an excuse on Monday morning. Such a procedure would not have started the week just right.

Several among the crowd were Art students who hurried into the Art Room, hastily opened the lockers, removed the materials needed, and within five minutes were busily engaged in finishing some doll furniture started the Friday before. Miss Sinclair, the instructor, had stepped out of the room to get her roll book, when Miss Boyer slipped in, and reached her desk without being detected as a "Tardy."

"Five minutes late!" came from one corner of the room.

"Report to the Dean at once for an excuse!" sounded from another corner.

"I'm going to tell on you," chimed in a third.

"Well," said Miss Boyer, "the three corners of the earth have been heard from. I'm waiting to hear from the fourth."

All was quiet.

"Ah! I have one friend in this crowd. I'll get along all right. And remember that I'll retaliate if anyone let's Miss Sinclair find out I was not here on time."

Now this same Miss Boyer is a happy-go-lucky girl who never worries about unfinished tasks, who has her share of fun every day, who is a "Hail fellow, well met," and whom everybody likes and delights in teasing.

She glanced about the room to see what the rest were doing. Beautiful cardboard doll-furniture was ranged about on the students' desks. An idea struck her. Miss Sinclair was absent. Why not have an auction and sell those pieces of furniture?

Quick as a flash she jumped from her chair, snatched as many pieces as possible from the desks of the students before they were aware of her intentions, climbed upon her own desk where she worked (or pretended to) and proceeded as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have here a be—au—ti—ful solid mahogany piano the equal of which was never before seen. The ivory was brought directly from Africa by Mr. Bishop who single-handed slew the giraffe from whose tusks these keys were made! The beautiful carvings on the piano's limbs were made by Mr. Whetzel's wonderful scissors. The music rack was carved by Mr. Park. It was intended at first to be used as a sink drain, but the holes were found to be too large, so he very kindly and condescendingly donated it to be used as a part of this wonderful instrument! It's music can be compared only to the inaudible whisper of the leaves on the campus trees on a December evening! It's pedals are three in number. Press upon the left pedal and beautiful Bass music comes forth. Press upon the right one and flute-like soprano is heard. Press upon the middle pedal and that sweet silence one reads of but never hears, is the result. Now, how much am I bid for this superb specimen of human entertainment? One cent? Two cents? Three cents? Sold to Miss Brunner!"

Then she picked up a sideboard which it had taken a whole half-hour to make.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Look at this be—u—ti—ful—"

Just then some one came past the door and said, "Coming!"

Miss Boyer understood. Her sentence was left unfinished. She scrambled down from her desk, jerked out some art materials, and by the time Miss Sinclair entered she was the most innocent looking and most industrious student in the room. The wave of merriment was suppressed at once. With the exception of a few, everyone got to work. Mr. Bishop took a severe coughing spell, and had to leave the room. Miss Hazlitt upset her box of paints and gave some an opportunity to laugh at her awkwardness(?).

Miss Beebe whispered a joke to Miss Fennimore and they giggled. Mr. Park had been working very busily upon a piece of cardboard. Every time Miss Boyer looked in his direction he pushed it out of sight and at once busied himself with something else.

She had finished the bedroom furniture, and so she went into the other room for some water in order to paint the pieces so they would look more real.

Now was Park's chance. He hastily pinned upon the front board a large placard and returned to his seat.

When Miss Boyer came back these words in bold type stared at her: "DISHONOR ROLL. Ted Boyer tardy ten minutes."

"Well the deed was done! A resolution was formulated at once. Someone had better look out!"

It happened that a contest had been in progress for a number of successive mornings between a certain young lady in the Art Class and Mr. Park, each trying to get to the class room before the other. There was an understanding that if the young lady arrived first the following morning he was to buy her a box of fine chocolates. If he arrived first she must spend her good money for cigars.

Now she was a friend of Miss Boyer and if anyone had passed by the southeast corner of the campus about 5 p. m. on the day of the auction, he would have found these two, "plotting against the whites" and apparently having a great deal of fun out of it.

Park started to school at six the next morning feeling sure he'd be the first one there. He went without his breakfast and sacrificed his customary morning walk to school with Miss Sinclair.

When about a square from the M. N. I. he heard someone calling his name. He turned around and saw Miss Boyer hurrying toward him as fast as she could run. She told him the special delivery postman had left a letter at his room, and the landlady had signed the book and promised to see that he would get it. The landlady had told her to tell him about it if she happened to see him.

Now that letter surely was important or it wouldn't have been sent by special delivery. He ran back, burst into the room, and inquired where that letter was. He was told no letter had come for him.

Foiled, and by a girl! for a double purpose, too—to give Miss Boyer her revenge and to make him buy that box of chocolates!

Arriving in the Art room he found everyone busy. Tacked to the front board was a placard on which were these words:

"Art, thou art a wonderful power! Thou pictureth the universe as it really is! Thou createth new worlds to conquer! Thou dwelleth even in the remotest parts of the earth! Thou giveth the auctioneer such command of words as moveth the hearers' hands toward their purses! Thou even seeketh shelter in a woman's heart! Thou blindeth the eyes of the adorable men while the women feedeth them upon misleading words in order to come out ahead in a joke! O, Art, thou art great! Please pass the chocolates!"

Williamson.

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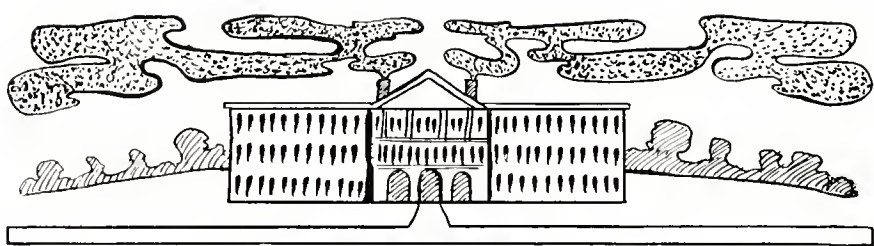
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JOKES



E. SINGLAIR



GEOMETRICAL DEFINITIONS

Miss Drummond: "What is meant by the base of a Parallelogram?"

Nina Ball: "Well—eh—it's what it sits on."

※ ※ ※

Mrs. Steward says: "Mary and Sylvia are gathering brick for their bungalow."

※ ※ ※

10:10 Music Class. A wasp entered the room and buzzed around the girls.

Mabel: "Oh! Oh! Oh!—"

Prof. Gast: "Leave it alone, it won't hurt anyone."

The wasp flew on directly to Prof. Gast and kept getting nearer and nearer until he took a table and chased it away.

He: "It is hurting the flowers." (Loud laughing from the class.)

※ ※ ※

Prof. McMullan: "Tell the difference between expression and impression."

Wills: "Impression is receiving a thought in the mind and expression is telling it to someone else."

McMullan: "Good!"

S. C. Davis: "I don't get the distinction yet."

McMullan: "Mr. Wills try and say it so Mr. Davis will receive the impression."

Wills (after one look at Davis): "Impossible!"

※ ※ ※

Cecil S.: "I made a New Year's resolution not to keep company later than 10 o'clock."

Bryan D. (as the clock struck ten): "Well really I must go. I think it is wrong to make anyone break a good resolution."

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Yours respectfully,

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ORVILLE HARROLD.

GOOD SPENDER

Every Saturday night when Glen Taylor would come home from work, his father would always count his money, and Glen would be five cents short. After coming home five cents short for several weeks, his father said to him, "Glenn, I am on to you. I know what you do with your money, you have been out to Marguerite Hukills."

❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. Gast to Roger Downing: "What is the difference between teaching two-part and three-part music?"

Roger: "There is only one more voice added."

❖ ❖ ❖

AT THE BANQUET

Girl Friend: "Florence, they are passing the salted almonds."

Florence Morrow: "Very well, I have my knife ready."

❖ ❖ ❖

IN MISS CASELEY'S ENGLISH CLASS

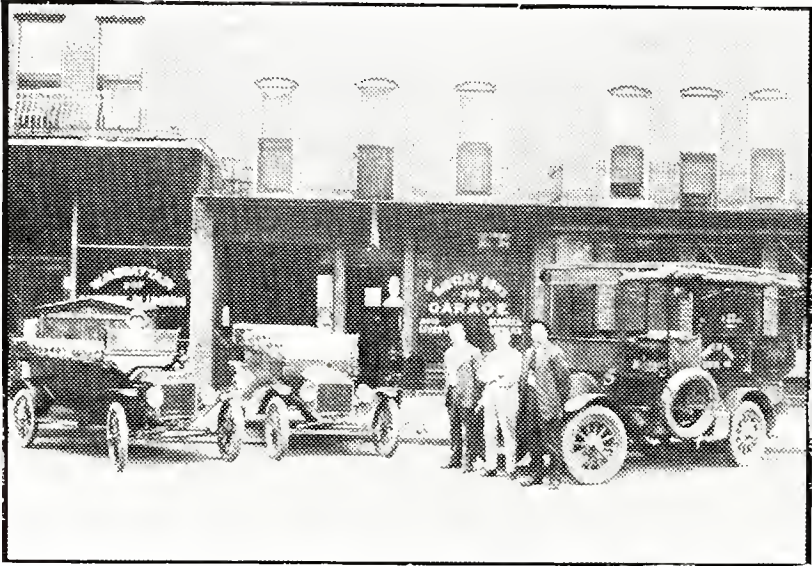
Miss Caseley: "Florence Wood, where are your school books?"

Florence: "When notices appeared that books were wanted for the wounded I gave mine to them."

❖ ❖ ❖

Six thousand years of sweat and toil, have passed since our Lord quit making soil. But don't forget! the Lord is making people yet. Then wise the man who has the sand to invest his money in Normal City land.

HARTLEY BROS. GARAGE



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GLEN HAYDEN'S FATHER AT A LOCAL STORE

Mr. Hayden: "I want a book for a high school boy."

Clerk: "How about Fielding?"

Mr. H.: "I dunno. Got anything on base-running?"

❖ ❖ ❖

They had arrived at the picture show before the reel had begun to click away its story, and Fred S. had a chance to nerve himself to the task which he had already attempted times without number. Just before the lights were dimmed he blurted out: "When the lights go out I'm going to kiss you, Clara. Will you call for help?"

Clara, shyly: "Not if you think you can manage it alone."

❖ ❖ ❖

Orville Wooters, in Agriculture Class: "Prof. Blodgett, what about planting in the sign?"

Prof. Blodgett after several quaint remarks: "You don't believe in anything like that, do you?"

Wooters, turning to Lucille Fenwick: "She told me to ask you."

Prof. Blodgett: "How natural! Ever since the time of Adam, man has turned to woman and said, 'You told me to do it.'"

❖ ❖ ❖

Tom Turner, "Tommy," Muncie, Indiana ;Varsity Baseball.

"Tommy" is the man who has made baseball a science, who plays it like Chemistry. He owns the true tin-soldier stride. O, what a shape, says she, like mamma's. His hair is like "Bill's" only a little darker.

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE DORM GIRLS

We, the dormitory girls, having lived twelve weeks in the straight and narrow way, being of sound mind and trained for social activities, do hereby will and bequeath our property and jewels to the following:

First: We as a body bequeath our cozy and magnificently furnished apartments to the next bunch of girls wishing to prepare, as we, for a shining career.

Second: We, Irma Ohls and Mamie Hollingsworth, bequeath all our late leaves and calico dresses to Marjorie Brown and Margaret Quigley.

Third: We, Flossie Money and Mary Belle Clark, being aware of our mental state leave our good manners, quiet ways and kid curlers to Marie Snepp and Madge Guthrie.

Fourth: We, Evelyn Hayes and Evelyn Smith, being weak from long hours of study and worry, do hereby will our pious natures and delicate appetites to Eunice Walker and Maud Titchie.

Fifth: We, Eunice Vickery and Opal Lamb knowing our career is about to end, leave our boisterous ways and unruly manners to Blanche Hazelrigg and Nell Jones.

Sixth: We, Ruth Ford and Ruth Wenzel, do in the presence of the eleventh legion, will our rights of running down the halls and callings that gently follow, to Ada Ketchem and Anna Patchers.

Seventh, Althea Swihart and Bernice Hunter, bequeath our graceful toe dancing, potatoes and hash, to Lucile Detraz and Verna Light.

Eighth: We jointly and singly occupants of the second floor, with tears in our eyes and heavy hearts do leave all our theater parties, golf games, turkey dinners and surf bathing to CAESAR.



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What is the difference between
life and love?

Answer—Life is one D— thing
after another. Love is two D—
things after each other.

:: :: ::

Miss Caseley in Ancient History:
"Harry, why was the tower of
Babylon never finished?"

Harry: Because people did not
know foreign language."

:: :: ::

Gibson House, Sunday after din-
ner conversation.

Present, Feminine Majority, one
of Masculine sex present also.

Miss McGann (unconscious of
male being): "Oh, I do just hate a
wide skirt on a windy day like to-
day, they blow everywhere. I think
the narrow skirts are so much more
comfortable."

Dead Silence—snickers, then loud
laughing.

Mr. Hann, rising to leave: "I am
not run out, but am through."

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Double stamps in all departments on Tuesdays and Thursdays.
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Muncie, Indiana

Prof. Kelly in Chapel: "It has been said that ten young men can move an empire." (Very true providing the inhabitants of said empire are of the female sex.) M. E. N.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Morse in Chapel: "President Kelly, how much more time have I?"

Prof. Kelly (consulting watch and wiping perspiration): "We have long since suspended the operation of time—so now you will be governed by the temperature."

❖ ❖ ❖

"Why didn't Glenn Taylor get to take his Geometry exam, on the day specified?"

"Miss Drummond forgot to tell him it was postponed, although she thought of it when she saw Jos. Broderick."

❖ ❖ ❖

Kelly (slapping Harris on the shoulder): "I want you to understand, Mrs. Johnston orders everything from the sky down."

Harris: "I hope to G—— we will have fair weather tomorrow."

❖ ❖ ❖

Miss Caseley: "What does a person do when in a swamp?"

Lunelle McNaughton (wildly waving her hand in the air): "Sink."

❖ ❖ ❖

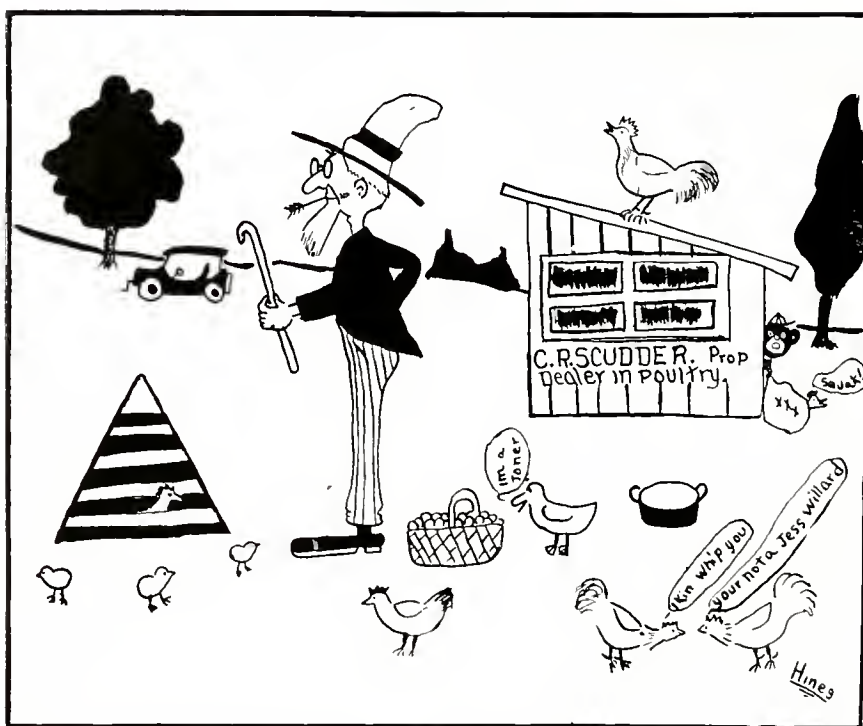
Fred McCall (in American Literature): "Although Holmes took great interest in Theology yet he preached a great deal."

❖ ❖ ❖

Joe Broderick: "I asked her if I might see her home."

Earle Retherford: "What did she say?"

Joe: "She said she would send me a picture of it."



Prof. Searle to one of the girls in the Caesar Class: "You are one of the Worst cases I ever had."

* * *

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* * *

Sherman Waggoner while walking down town became desperate in thinking of the ties which bound him to Lela Knox and as he approached the bridge he said, "I think I'll jump in and drown myself."

A young lady who was walking in front of him, turned round and said, "Corks always float, you won't drown."

* * *

In Prof. Taylor's Geography Class: "What do we see on the farms in the Central States?"

Earl R.: "All kinds of live stock including Fords."

* * *

Prof. Whitmarsh: "Mr. Willis, what can you tell us about the modified Cambridge plan?"

Mr. Willis (just woke up): "I don't remember ever having visited the schools at Cambridge City, but at Connersville they promote twice a year regularly."

* * *

Prof. Whitmarsh: "Mr. Grafmiller, how do you account for the fact that the Russian and Swedish children remain in school longer than the American children?"

Mr. Grafmiller: "I didn't teach in the section, professor, where the Russians lived, but those large Swedish girls are so docile that I haven't the heart to drive them out."



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Premonitions of the Night Raiders

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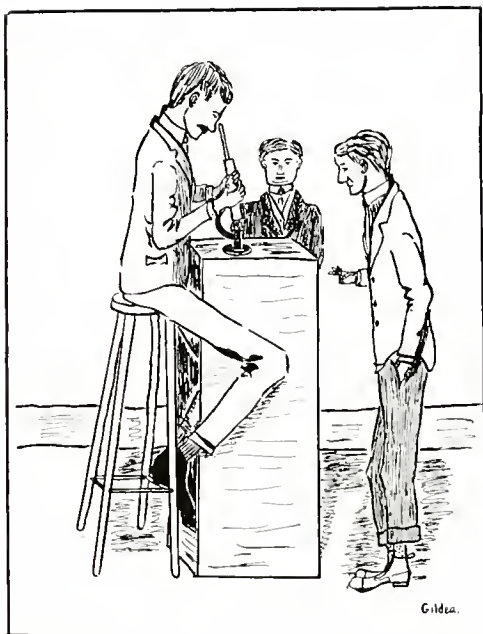
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PROF. TAYLOR: "Bays, there's some dirt mixed in this blood."
Denny: "No wonder, I've been eating at the dormitory."

Mrs. Quear to Mrs. Summers the other day: "You surely don't give your husband a necktie every birthday he has."

Mrs. Summers: "Oh, yes, I do! and the poor dear never seems to know that it is the same one every year."

❖ ❖ ❖

Ed Carmichael was being examined by a physician the other day, who after applying the stethoscope, said: "I see from your heart action that you have had some trouble with 'Angina-pectoris.'"

"Well, yes," admitted Ed, rather sheepishly, "You got it all right, doctor, except that ain't her name. It's 'Ceelia.'"

❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. Searle had just delivered an impressive talk in Chapel and at its close remarked: "Remember, always, that whatever you sow, that also shall you reap."

Steward nudged Scudder and chuckled: "Not always. Not if your neighbors keep chickens next to your garden."



M. Bennett.

Mrs. Benge: "Why, Virginia, are you running after the ice cream man?"

Virginia: "Sure, I haven't any money, but I do like to hear the bells!"

❖ ❖ ❖

OUR IMPROVED DICTIONARY DEPARTMENT

Nothing is something which can not be felt nor heard and you can not see it when you are looking at it.

Domestic Science includes cooking, working and physical torture.

A Buttress is a female goat.

A straight line is one which always runs in the same direction unless it is bent.

Joan of Arc was Noah's wife.

Nettie Rand Miller.

KODAKS

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HOW



Owl Drug Store

Quality College Illustrations



Quality Art

The same exceptional skill is displayed in "J. & O." College art work and designing as appears in their high grade commercial book.

250 Skilled Artisans

Quality Plates

All "J. & O." College plates are carefully re-etched; that is why they print better than others. They are also delivered on time.

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JAHN & OLLIER ENGRAVING CO.

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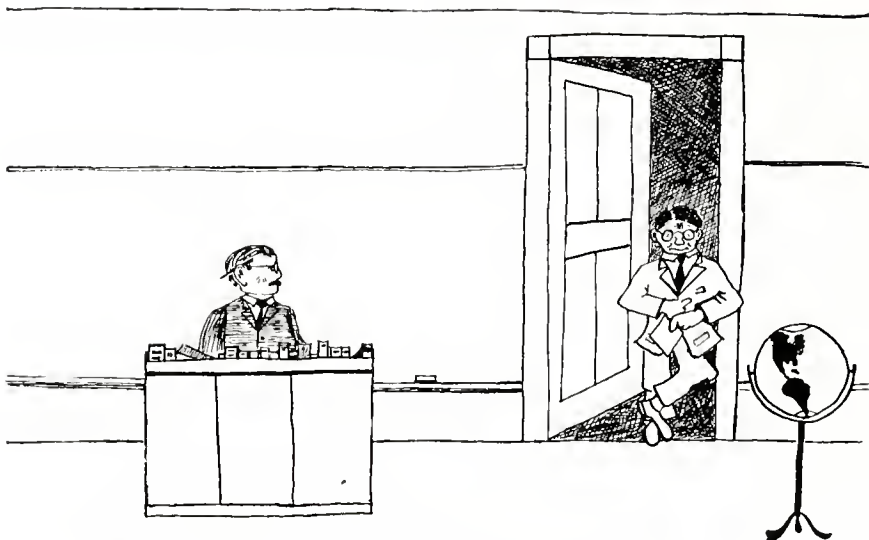
Atlanta

Davenport

Des Moines

Minneapolis

South Bend



Mr McMullen: "Was there something you wanted?"
 Dean Life: "No, nothing, I was just looking for a man."

O'DONNELL - ART DEPT

Who said there was a "Blind Pig" in the kitchen?

❖ ❖ ❖

Cartwright wanted an Ingersoll so that he could get to the 7:50 class on time.

EVERYTHING

FOR THE

M. N. I.
 STUDENTS



PENZEL'S
 Book Store

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ED F. BENDER

Good Tailored Clothes

*Get that million dollar look
 Its the Royal Tailor look*

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Muncie, Ind.

Mr. Kern (eating supper at the dorm.) to the waitress: "Here's a nickel I found in the hash."

The Waitress: "Yes, I put it there. I understand you've been complaining about the lack of change in your meals here."

❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. McMullan (in American Literature Class): "Mr. Dewey, what did Samuel Sewall write?"

Mr. Dewey: "A dairy." (diary.)

GOOD SHOES

Reasonably Priced

Take time to study the merits of our footwear and you will undoubtedly buy your next pair of us.

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EVERYTHING IN BANKING

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YES? WE PUT ON RUBBER HEELS

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Fine Shoe Repairing

STAR SHOE REPAIR SHOP

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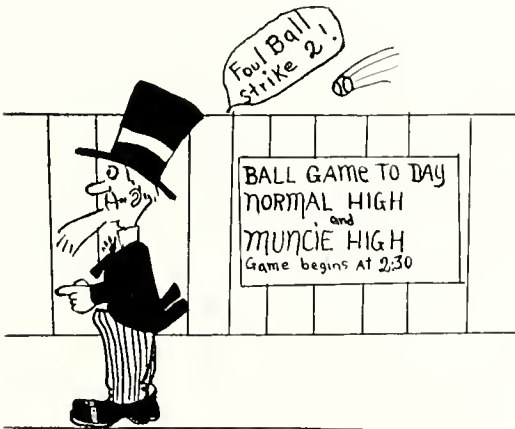
Miss Tavener to Miss Williford: "Are American arms as effective as German?"

Miss Williford: "I should consider some American arms dangerous to have around me."

❖ ❖ ❖

Mr. Hobson to Mr. Stoops: "So Miss List played for you. She claims she can make the piano talk."

Mr. Stoops: "Well, if it could talk, it would say, 'Woman you have played me false.'"



The Young Women's Christian Association

305 E. Adams St., Muncie, Ind.
Telephone 1687

The Association occupies a beautiful home-like building which is open to all young women.

It has accommodations for twenty-five young women away from home; an employment bureau, a well supplied reading room, a cozy parlor, a home-like lunch room open to the public, Bible and educational classes, a well organized Girls' department and thriving extension department.

The Association office is a popular information bureau.

The Y.W.C.A. is a place where a girl will always find a friend.

McClellan Restaurant

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Cut Flowers and Decorative Plants
Floral Designs for All Occasions

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GREENHOUSES
Kilgore Avenue—Phone 86
607 N. Madison St.—Phone 533-2

The Geography Class was discussing Australia as to climate, products, etc.

Miss King: "Francis, suppose we start to Australia today—"

Francis: "Well, I can't hardly go today; let's go next fall."

Miss King, hesitating: "All right, Francis."

❖ ❖ ❖

Why Miss King blushes when she meets Oliver Grafmiller.

One day while eating chocolates in the Bookstore, a certain college student asked Miss King why she ate so much candy. Miss King was ready to reply, that she loved chocolates, when in walked Oliver Grafmiller, and instead, she remarked, "I love Oliver Grafmiller." What will the Mrs. say?

❖ ❖ ❖



Miss Drummond: "Prof. Life and I were talking when Miss Caseley came up, but she didn't bother—she talked right over our heads."

Mr. William Turner talking to Mr. Fesler: "I say, old pal, I'm in shocking luck. I want money badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it."

Mr. Fesler: "Well, I am glad to hear that. I thought perhaps you had an idea you could borrow from me."

❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. Whitmarsh (in Ethics): "Mr. Wilson, what's an optimist?"

Mr. Wilson: "A dead broke individual ordering his dinner in the hope that he can pay for it with the pearl."



How the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

❖ ❖ ❖

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT

All kinds of confidential questions on love, marriage, divorce and alimony answered by an expert free of charge. Miss Weaver, head of department.

Miss Fowler writes:

"I have a gentleman friend who has been keeping company with me for years, but who has never indicated or intimated that he wishes to be considered other than a friend of mine. I am nineteen years old, with ruby lips, rose-pink cheeks, black hair, brown eyes and a gentle disposition. Do you think I should hang up some mistletoe and accidentally stand beneath it while he is around, just to encourage him?"

Miss Fowler: If a young man needs the encouragement of mistletoe under the circumstances, there is no hope for him.

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Miss Smith (trying to sell Mr. Teter some tickets for a picture show): "Mr. Teter, can't I sell you four?"

Mr. Hann (who was standing near): "Yes, he'll need more than that if he takes all he has on the string. Better sell him ten or a dozen."

Otto Sellers

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for HALFTONES

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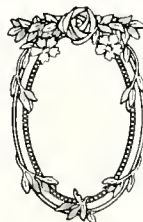
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OUR MOTTO:

Quality and Cleanliness

Terminal Dairy Lunch

Located in Terminal Station

R. L. RICHTER, Prop.

Mr. Kern to Mr. Possee: "Does Miss Abshire play Mozart?"

Mr. Possee (hesitatingly): "Yes, but I think she prefers auction."

• • •

Farmer (to a friend): "I had a dreadful fall the other day."

The friend: "Tell me of it."

Farmer: "Miss Abshire was talking to me; I hung on every word—and then, and then—"

The friend: "Yes, yes, and then—"

Farmer: "Her voice broke."

HER CUD

(Dedicated to M. N. I. Gum Chewers by the farmers.)

Yes, she was fair, her eyes shone bright,
Neath shading lashes brown,
But oh the way she chewed her gum,
Beat any girl in town.

A girlish grace was in her face,
Her form was fair to see,
But oh she chewed, she chewed and chewed,
She chewed most fearfully.

How strange it seemed a thing so sweet,
Of sixteen summers bred,
Possessed should be to maul that cud
Forever in her head.

Her hair was blonde in wondrous bulk,
It walled her head around,
But nestled there 'mongst all that hair,
Her jaw went up and down.

Her teeth flashed white, by ruby lips,
Half hid and half betrayed,
And on that cud of rubber gum,
Without a pause they played.

But innocent with big eyes blue,
That seemed for love endued,
She drooped her lids and chewed,
And chewed and chewed.

—H. T. B.

The Scott-Pierce Co.

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CATALOGUES AND
COLLEGE ANNUALS



122 SOUTH HIGH ST.

MUNCIE, INDIANA

NO CABBAGE AT THE DORMITORY THIS YEAR

Miss Irma Ohl boards at the dormitory and is very fond of cabbage. She is taking her first course in Domestic Science and is anxious to learn how to prepare various tasty and attractive dishes in which cabbage comprises the whole or a part.

Irma is young, both in years and experience in the art of cookery; her acquaintance with the head of the cabbage family is so limited and recent that I daresay that she would not recognize one even in the garden.

Recently Miss Irma met Prof. Steward, Dean of Agriculture and anxiously inquired of him if he had noticed anything wrong with his cabbage plants in the dormitory garden.

Prof. Steward: "Anything wrong? I should say not, except that we have such a limited number of plants. Wrong! Why I never saw better or more thrifty plants. What makes you think there is something wrong?"

Miss Irma (replying in a low, hesitating voice): "I—I am so anxious to learn how to cook cabbage that I can scarcely wait for them to get ready to PULL, so I went into the garden this morning and pulled one up. Not finding any head on the root at all I pulled up another and another and—do you know, Prof. Steward, I believe the seed was no good or else the ground is poor, because I didn't find a single head in the whole row!"

❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. Taylor: "We have cattle ranches in the West. Can you name any other kind of ranches?"

Berse Halsey: "Monkey Ranches."

❖ ❖ ❖

Prof. Searle: "Carl, please give the principal parts of the verb 'to love.'"

Carl: "Darnifino, darnifinare, darnifinati sunt."



3/22/2010
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